THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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DUBLIN CITY.

Mr. O'Neill Russell Grows Eloquent in Sounding Its Praises, and in Giving the Nationalists Credit for What They Have Done in Improving It.

What a Democratic Peer Has Done to Beautify Stephen's Green.

DUBLIN, Dec. 7.—Irish correspondents of American papers must, in general, be the greatest nincompoops, blindmen, or *omadhawns* that ever lived, for any communications that I saw from them when in America, never so much as hinted at the magnificent work the Nationalists have done here during the last ten or a dozen years. When Tom Dwyer, the wine merchant, of New York city, used to tell me that Dublin, was every year improving, I must confess that I thought he was "drawing the long bow." His business brings him over to Europe every year, and as he was born in Dublin, he always pays that city a visit. He could not possibly notice the improvement so much as one who had been away from Dublin for many years; and consequently he did not mention half of them. Let it not be supposed that it is only in Dublin that any improvements can be seen. As I said in a former letter, the improvements in most parts of the country are quite as noticeable as in Dublin. I hardly knew my native parish when I saw it after nearly twenty years absence. But in spite of the new, neat, slated houses, and in spite of the bettered condition of the people generally, the decline in the population has been so great that a visit to the country parts of Ireland, is after all a sad experience for one who remembers the teeming population that filled the rural parts of the country fifty years ago.

I spoke at some length in my last letter about what has been done in Ireland, and especially in Dublin, since the national idea gained ground, and since an almost thoroughly national corporation got hold of the government of the city; but I did not say one-twentieth part enough about it, nor did I give the Nationalists a twentieth part of the praise that is due to them. It may be said that any improvement that has taken place in Dublin, and for that matter in the country, is absolutely and solely due to them. They inaugurated the improvements, and did so under the most gigantic difficulties. They forced, by their example, the Tories to do something. Lord Ardilaun spent over £31,000 in beautifying Stephen's Green; but would he ever have spent a pound on it, had the national corporation not begun the work of improvement? The Tories themselves acknowledge that he would not. As long as the Dublin corporation was made up of, and controlled by, Tories, hardly a thing was done for the improvement and adornment of the city. I have known Dublin since I was a boy of 17, and can swear that ten times more has been done there in the way of improvement during the last fifteen years—the worst and least prosperous time that ever it saw—than was done in the forty, or perhaps in the hundred, years previous. The work done by the National party in Ireland during the last fifteen or twenty years is simply sublime. No other word could express it. It is a crying sin and in a certain sense a national disgrace that the press and people of America have not been made aware of all that has been done in Ireland by the National party, and done in the face of difficulties more than enough to dishearten archangels.

Since the improvements of Stephen's Green have been mentioned in this letter, some account of them ought to be given herein. Stephen's Green is a square nearly in the centre of Dublin. It was heretofore a kind of private park to which no one was admitted but those owning or renting houses adjoining it. Now, however, it is open to the public. It contains about thirty-five acres. The ground is, or rather was, perfectly flat; but now it contains artificial hills, waterfalls, lakes, rivers, rocks,—in fact everything requisite to make the most charming combination of what is beautiful in scenery. No expense seems to have been spared on it to make it what it is, the most beautiful public garden that any city in the world can boast of. The Boston public gardens, or your own Lincoln park in Chicago, cannot be compared with it. Every rare and beautiful flower that will grow in this mild climate can be seen in Stephen's Green in summer time. All was done by Lord Ardilaun, a son of the great brewer, Benjamin Guinness. He and his brother, Lord Iveagh, were created lords because they were rich and were Tories. Their grandfather was nothing but a porter or laboring man, some eighty or ninety years ago. So much for successful business operations, and being on the strong side in politics. Every credit is due to Lord Ardilaun for the paradise he has made out of a flat, uninteresting square in Dublin; but, as has already been said, it was the other city improvements made by the now National corporation of Dublin that caused him to lay out so much money on Stephen's Green. It is said that the beautifying of it cost him about $200,000. The Shelbourne Hotel, where so many Americans stop, looks on Stephen's Green.

But great as was the work done by Lord Ardilaun, it is nothing compared with what has been done, either solely by, or with the help of, the Dublin corporation. One side of South George's street, has been torn down, and rebuilt in massive blocks of red brick buildings. One of the finest markets in the world has been built in the same locality. Many new buidings have been erected in Grafton and Wicklow streets in place of the old tumble-down houses that should have been torn down fifty years ago. But fifty years ago a Tory corporation ruled Dublin, and consequently nothing was done to improve or beautify the city. The harbor has been deepened, and the docks carried nearly half a mile further out towards the sea, so that now the largest ships can come into Dublin; but unfortunately, there is no trade to attract them. I'll not say anything about the new National Library or the Museum in this letter, for they are so beautiful, so magnificent, that that they must have a letter to themselves, and a long one, too.

There is considerable excitement here about the killing of Ried; he was shot dead near his own residence last week. No clue of any kind has yet been found that would throw any light on the cause of the killing. It is almost universally believed here that Ried was in the pay of the government; in fact, that he was a detective; if he was, very few will be found to mourn for him. It is, however, but right to state that some believe Ried committed suicide. The doctors at the inquest agreed in saying that the wound was inflicted in such a way as would be most likely to be inflicted by one who would shoot himself with a pistol.

I see that a correspondent of THE CITIZEN, "T.J.F.," in your issue of Nov. 4, seems to doubt what I said about the enormous yield per acre of oats in a field near Maynooth. I did not state the matter as an absolute fact, but on hearsay from the Duke of Leinster's steward. However, in order to prove what great yields of oats are often got in Ireland, I will say that a 3½ acre field near Carrickmacross, in the county Monaghan, averaged 32.2 barrels of 196 lbs to the Irish acre; or, as nearly as possible, 123 bushels of 32 lbs each to the American acre. This crop was grown over twenty years ago; the yield was posted up in the office of the National Bank in Carrickmacross, and attested and signed by the manager of the bank. I saw the document in the bank about the year 1873.

Readers of THE CITIZEN will be deeply grieved to hear that the Rev. James Keegan, of St. Louis, Mo., is lying dangerously ill at his father's residence, near Cloon, in the county Leitrim. From what I learned a few days ago from the Rev. E. O'Growney of Maynooth, the hopes of his recovery are very slight. Father Keegan seems to have been suffering from rheumatism for a long time. He came over here in September last. I met him at the Irish Academy here: he was lame then, and complained of pain in his hip. He seemed to me to look very well, and to be a hale, hearty young man of about 38 or 40. It will be a sad loss to the Irish race if Father Keegan is taken away from them, for of all the Irish priests I ever knew, he was the one who promised to do most for his country.

T.O.R.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MAURICE CREAN.

At 6 o'clock p. m., Monday, Dec. 18, Mrs. Elizabeth Crean, wife of Maurice Crean, aged 60 years, and for thirty-two years a resident of Chicago, received all the consolations of her holy religion, and died, surrounded by her husband, children, relatives and friends. The funeral occurred on Thussday last, at 10 a.m., from the residence, 1909 Indiana avenue, to St. John's church, thence by carriages to Calvary cumetery.

Mrs. Crean was born in the historic town of Dingle, county Kerry, Ireland, and was a sister of the Rev. Thomas McDonough, S.J., of Woodstock College, Howard county, Maryland, and cousin of the Rev. Patrick Forhan, S. J., of Loyola College, Baltimore, and of the Rev. P. Forhan, S. J., Leonardstown, Maryland. She died a quiet and peaceful death.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
Nor a grief, nor a wish had she sighed,
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
But as calm as in slumber she died.

MR. MARTIN POWER, UTICA, N.Y.

Mr. Martin Power, a well known and patriotic Irish-American citizen of Utica, N.Y., died in that city on the 8th inst., at the age of 71 years. He was a native of Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, and was a member of the Confederate Club of Waterford when Smith O'Brien and Thomas Francis Meagher visited that city in the spring of 1848. He subsequently took part in the abortive insurrection, and, after the failure, was compelled to escape to this country. He reached Utica in 1850, and lived there until the time of his death. Mr. Power was a mechanic by occupation, possessed a high order of intelligence and fairly blazed with enthusiasm in the cause of Ireland. He was one of the original Fenians of the state of New York, and was a "physical force" man all his life. His widow, who was Miss Ellen Griffin, and who was in full sympathy with her husband's views, survives him. The funeral occurred from St. John's Catholic church, Utica, on Dec. 11, and was one of the most numerously attended in the history of that city.

Something Interetting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

CATHEDRAL SERVICES.

An Immense Congregation Assembles in the Cathedral of the Holy Name to Hear Pontifical Mass and a Sermon By Archbishop Hennessy.

The Beautiful Edifice Entirely Renovated and Redecorated.

The renovated and greatly beautified Cathedral of the Holy Name, was reopened for divine service, with services of imposing splendor, and before a tremendous congregation, last Sunday morning, at 10:30 o'clock. The interior of the handsome edifice is now a very dream of artistic beauty, and is a source of just pride to the Catholic people of this city. Nearly all the prominent people of the Catholic faith resident in Chicago attended the ceremonies.

The officers of the mass were: Celebrant, Archbishop Feehan; assistant priest, Very Rev. D. M. J. Dowling; first assistant deacon, Rev. Hugh McGuire; second assistant deacon, Rev. T.P. Hodnett; deacon of the mass, Rev. N. J Mooney; subdeacon, of the mass, Rev. J. S. Finn; master of ceremonies, Rev. P. J. Muldoon; assistant masters of ceremonies, Rev. J. M. Scanlan and Rev. Brother Harrington, C. S. V.; preacher, Archbishop Hennessy.

During the robing, says the *Herald*, the chorus sang Handel's hallelujah chorus. Then Archbishop Feehan went to the middle of the altar and the mass began. The prayerful petition, "Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison," in the sweet music of Gounod, came from the choir. Raising his hands toward the altar Archbishop Feehan sang "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," and he was followed by the choir. Lossini's "Gloria" had been chosen, but it was very long. The epistle and gospel of the day were sung by the archbishop at his throne. Then Archbishop Hennessey prayed silently before mounting the pulpit. While the people were on their knees Miss Kate Coffey, in a deep and powerful, yet sweet, voice, sang Henselt's "Veni Creator Spiritus." The mellow tones were echoed 'neath the lofty aisles and became soft and sweet as they neared the altar. Miss Coffey has a voice of remarkable range and depth.

Rising from the altar steps the preacher of the day made his way slowly toward the pulpit. Choosing as his text "All Things Are Yours in Christ and Christ is God," he said:

The genealogists may investigate the records of this race and the philosophers may lead you into fields of space and may speak of the stars, but all these things shall pass away. St. Paul says, however, that all things are yours. There are two worlds: the spiritual and the material, each wonderful. Destitute of unity and harmony as they appear, shall they ever remain so? On the sixth day of creation God said: "Let us rest." Why? It was for the creation of man, the consummation of the work of the sixth day. Man seems to be the end of creation. His spirit, his intelligence, his intellect, his freedom of thought and life are links which bind the extremes of the spiritual and material worlds. The result was man, and man is the link between the spiritual and material world. In him spirit and nature are united.

Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the church. Upon this relation between man and wife is founded that dignity of man and the hope of God. Man has fallen away from the state in which he was created and is doomed to death. Yet full satisfaction must be made to infinite justice. How black is the cloud of sin which shuts out from our view the eternal heaven. Is there no hope? Shall God never receive the honor due him from creation? God forbid.

The solution of this apparent impossibility is in the incarnation. By this mysterious union of the divine and the human, God takes human nature with its imperfections into his arms and draws it to himself. Christ and the church are one body. This is the perfect society calling for all its needs on that union. This society is a kingdom and that kingdom is of God.

That society, that kingdom, is the Roman Catholic church, and no other church has the same character. It extends its line from the present day to the time of Peter, and that line is the foundation of the world. The laws which its priests have enacted, the nations which they have governed and all the other monuments to the activity of the church, its schools, its universities, its colleges, its monasteries, all these proclaim with one voice, louder than the rush of many waters, that the Roman Catholic church is the one body which has been placed upon earth by Christ.

Brighter than any star in the heavens is the future of God's church. With many disadvantages its has grown with phenomenal rapidity. The membership of the Catholic church since 1790 has grown at the rate of 75 per cent a day, while other denominations have increased but 2 per cent a day.

The growth of the Catholic church in this country compared with other denominations is as 16 to 1. From 40,000 communicants from 1790 we have grown to 10,000,000 or 12,000,000. Considering the growth of the last hundred years, what will be the result in 1930 if this increase is continued? This continent will then have 200,000,000 inhabitants and 100,000,000 of them will be Catholics.

There is a tradition, brethren, that 900 years before the birth of Columbus this country was colonized by a band of Irish people. It was called the Great Ireland of the West. I can see in a vision the future of America and the Catholic church wherein she will be again called the Great Ireland of the West. I can see bishops, priests, monasteries, schools and colleges, all yielding their wisdom for the benefit of the host of students who are coming to this new Ireland as emigrants to Christ. I can see the nations of Europe and Asia and Africa, all bowing in reverence before the church of God. I would fain hope for this condition and I love to think of it.

America is destined to become prominent among the nations of the world. Its unbounded resources, its prodigious wealth, its force, its activity, makes it fit to become the great center of the world. The unity of the human family will be a living fact before the eyes of men. The tourists, the scholars, the mechanics and the capitalists will go from this country to all countries of the earth, our trade will extend to every land, and all men will be friends and brethren.

Our language will follow our commerce, men will study it in the interest of trade, and American habits, ideas and principles, political, social and religious will go abroad throughout the world. Our influence abroad will be on a par with our influence at home, and our influence at home will be prodigious.

Colossal in size, proficient in thought, eloquent in speech, divine in action, she is destined to become the nation of the world. She will be Christ's in truth and the Great Ireland of the West. What are you doing? There are half a million communicants of the church in this city. Chicago is the most Catholic city of America in proportion to its population. All nations of the earth are here represented, and there is a multitude of societies.

Take my suggestion and work for the future of the church of Christ. Build up your schools; make them commodious and ample; make them free schools, so that the children of the poor may enjoy their benefits. Elevate the standard of education to the plane of the government of God's divine church. Marshal your forces and you shall become the center of the Catholic church in America. An immortal destiny is before you.

The preacher's voice died amay in a whisper as he concluded the sermon. Archbishop Feehan rose and sang the "Credo." The choir with full orchestral accompaniment gave Beethoven's "Credo." The beautiful quartette, "Et Incarnatus Est," was sung by Mrs. F. G. Moyer, soprano; Miss Coffey, contralto; Adolf Erst, tenor, and F. A. Langlois, bass. During the offertory Mrs. Moyer rendered Gounod's "Ave Nerum" in an admirable manner. She was accompanied by Professor Rosenbecker, violin; Herr Bruno Steindel, cello, and Mrs. La Roche, harp.

Then Archbishop Feehan began the preface and the solemn moment was approaching for the great sacrifice of the mass. Adolf Erst sang the refrain, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," which is the sweetest solo in Gounod's Messe Solenelle. While his clear, bell-like notes were resounding through the church the tinkle of a bell was heard on the altar. Immediately every worshipper knelt and every head was bowed as Archbishop Feehan raised the host toward the great sacrifice.

Again the bell sounded and, as if this was a signal, hundreds of electric jets blazed on the walls and pillars of the chancel and up in the dome. The altar became a blaze of glory. Jets glistened like pearls in a sea of gold. When the worshippers raised their heads, after the bread and wine had been offered up, their eyes were dazzled by the splendor and magnificence of the altar.

The celebrant sang the Lord's Prayer and, after the communion, he turned toward the people and blessed them. The mass was over and the congregation began to leave the church. Archbishop Feehan went to his throne where he doffed the vestments of the mass. Then the procession passed in front of the altar and into the sacristy. The lights on the altar were extinguished and the electric jets disappeared within their globes. Only the ever glowing taper was left burning in the great lamp before the tabernacle. While the worshippers passed out of the church Prof. William Middleschulte, the cathedral organist, played Guilmant's symphony with orchestral accompaniment.

In the evening, the interior of the cathedral was one blaze of golden light. From every pillar and every niche, electric jets glowed steadily. An aureole of gold was suspended over the strtues on the side altars. More than 1,500 jets glittered in their golden beds. The scene was one of unparalleled magnificence in the history of the church in America. Solemn pontifical vespers were sung, Bishop Dunne being the celebrant. The following assisted in the service: Assistant priest, Rev. P. D. Gill; second assistant deacon, Rev. F. S. Henneberry; deacon, Rev. P. J. Tinan; subdeacon, Rev. B. P. Murray; master of ceremonies, Rev. P. J. Muldoon; assistant master of ceremonies, Rev. J.M. Scanlan and Rev. Brother Harrington, C.S.V.; preacher, Bishop Chatard.

The following was the musical programme:

Solemn vespers ..... Marzo
For solo, quartette and chorus with organ.
Veni Creator ..... Brahms
Alto solo—Miss Kate Coffey.
Cujus Animam ..... Rossini
Tenor solo—Adolf Erst.
O Salutaris ..... Kuciken
Soprano solo—Mme. Francesca Guthrie Moyer.
Cello obligato—Herr Bruno Steindel.
Tantum Ergo ..... Gluck
Grand chorus.
Postludium Fugue, G minor ..... Bach
Prof. William Middleschulte.

The work of renovating and decorating the Cathedral of the Holy Name has extended over two years, and has been accomplished at a cost of $200,000.

EGAN SMITES GROVER.

The Plucky Ex-Minister to Chili Takes a Fall Out of the Fat "Anglo-Saxon" at the White House.

Complete Vindication of the Policy Pursued By Mr. Egan in His Treatment of Political Refugees in the South American Republic.

It will be remembered that Grover Cleveland, who, unfortunately for the country, is president of the United States, traveled somewhat out of his way, in his recent message to congress, for the purpose of seeking to cast odium on ex-Minister Patrick Egan, because of that gentleman's brave and humane course in dealing with political refugees, while in Chili. The ex-minister, however, is not a man to be cowed by even a president of the United States, and, in an interview with a representative of the New York *Sun*, on the 10th inst., he expressed himself vigorously on the subject. We excerpt the following passages from Mr. Egan's statement of the case:

"The president is fully entitled to his views on this question of asylum, however widely they may differ from those of persons who have had personal acquaintance with the actual condition of things in South America, as well as from the view of the South Americans themselves, and I certainly should not venture to criticise them. When, however, he travels out of his way to aim a blow at me, and through me at the Harrison administration, by speaking of 'the unauthorized action of the late United States Minister' and 'the correction of this conduct in the instance mentioned,' I feel that it is due to the country and to myself to state the facts, which I shall endeavor to do in brief terms.

"In the early part of this year a conspiracy was formed on the part of a number of military men and other adherents of the fallen Balmaceda government to overthrow the one now in power, which culminated in a plan to seize the artillery barracks and other points in Santiago on April 9 last. The plan was discovered, a state of siege was proclaimed, and a feeling of the most intense excitement, amounting almost to a reign of terror, was created. In the midst of this, on the night of April 9, the two leaders of the intended insurrection, Col. Fuentes and ex-Congressman Blanlot-Holley, applied to me for asylum upon the grounds that their lives were in imminent danger, a fact of which I had personal cognizance.

"This application placed me in a most embarrassing position. I saw at once that to admit them to the legation would, in all probability, entail upon me personally much unpleasantness, dealing, as I was, with political opponents in Washington, while to leave them to their fate would be an abandonment of the practice so well recognized throughout South America, and which had received the approval of Mr. Cleveland's illustrious predecessor. For example: At the South American International Congress, held in Montevideo, in December, 1888, it was resolved, with the hearty approval of the plenipotentiaries of the Argentine Republic, the republic of Bolivia, the republic of Paraguay, the republic of Peru, the republic Oriental of Uruguay, and with the approval and the urgent advocacy of the distinguished plenipotentiaries of Chili, the representative of Brazil alone dissenting, that:

"'A common criminal who has taken refuge in a legation shall be delivered by the chief of such legation to the local authorities upon the previous demand of the Minister of Foreign Relations when not done spontaneously.

"'Said asylum shall be respected with regard to those pursued on political charges, but the chief of the legation is obliged to immediately bring the fact to the knowledge of the government of the state before which he is accredited and said government can require that the refugee shall be placed outside the national territory within the shortest possible period.

"'The chief of the legation shall have the right to require in like manner the necessary guarantees to enable the refugee to go out from the national territory, the inviolability of his person being respected.

"'The same principle shall be observed with respect to those who may have taken refuge in ships anchored in territorial waters.'

"And in the correspondence which passed between the Minister of Foreign Relations of Chili, the late Don Manuel Antonio Matta, and me, in the year 1891, that gentleman over and over again admitted the legitimacy of what he himself described as 'the asylum emanating from the principle of extra territoriality inherent to the person, the house, and the vehicles of the diplomatic agent.'

"Referring to my action, under precisely similar circumstances, the late distinguished statesman, Mr. Blaine, said in a published interview that my every act 'was right to the dot.'

"Mr. Gresham's able and brilliant predecessor in office, Secretary John W. Foster, at a dinner with which he was good enough to honor me on the occasion of my visit to the United States a year ago, said, in presence of his brother members of the cabinet and other distinguished guests: 'In this generation no minister of the United States has had a more difficult post to fill than has lately been the mission to Chili, and no one could possibly have discharged the duties of the position with more courage, patriotism and prudence than Mr. Egan;' while President Harrison has again and again in the most unequivocal terms approved my action.

"In view of all these facts I felt then, and I feel now, that my action in receiving MM. Fuentes and Blanlot-Holley into my official residence as refugees was most amply authorized, and not only that, but I feel that if I had refused to admit them and they had been killed on the streets, as I had every reason to anticipate, I should deserve to be, and I would be, branded by the great mass of the American people as a poltroon and a coward.

"Believing that I was acting in the strict line of my duty, as well as in accordance with the dictates of humanity, I laid aside all consideration of my personal convenience, as well as that of my family, and admitted the refugees, and when, next morning, accompanied by the secretary of the legation, Mr. McCreery, I called upon the president of the republic to inform him of the fact of the refugees being in the legation, he expressed himself much pleased that they had escaped capture, saying that he was not in favor of severe measures and that if those two men had been captured they would have been severely dealt with.

"Subsequently the majority of the cabinet expressed the desire that before coming to a final decision as to whether the refugees should be permitted to go out of the country the matter should be laid before the United States government in Washington, and they asked me to do this for them, which request I immediately complied with. Mr. Secretary Gresham replied, instructing me that if a criminal charge was pending against Fuentes and Blanlot-Holley when they entered into the attempted insurrection of April 9, and they were demanded on such charge, I was not authorized to longer shelter them.

"Having in mind the very wide distinction which we in the United States, as well as all other civilized people, make between—to use the words of the Montevideo resolution—'common criminals' and 'those pursued on political charges,' I replied that, as there were some points in the case not quite clear to me, I felt unde the necessity of asking for further instructions. I stated that the only charges pending against Messrs. Fuentes and Blanlot-Holley when they entered into the attempted insurrection of April 9 were for sedition and attempted insurrection arising out of an attempt to overturn the government on the 11th of December, 1892, and I asked, in case they should be demanded on these charges, whether asylum should be discontinued.

"At the same time the refugees addressed a petition to me, which I cabled to the Department of State, setting forth that the asylum had been asked for and granted in accordance with precedent established by the United States government itself, and begging that in case the present administration should decree its discontinuance, that a term of four hours should be given them, free from police espionage, in order that they might get back to the position of temporary safety in which they were before they entered the legation.

"In reply to these two cablegrams came the imperative instruction that I should no longer shelter them, accompanied by the further instruction that before requiring them to leave the legation I should give timely notice to the Chilian government that it would be expected to provide protection for them on going out from the legation, while at the same time it was conveyed to the Chilian Charge d'Affaires in Washington, and by him cabled to his government, that I had been ordered to deliver the refugees to the government of Chili.

"I could not regard a legation of the United States as a prison, myself as a jailer, nor the refugees as my prisoners. I therefore gave the same timely notice to the refugees that I gave to the government. One of the refugees, Mr. Blanlot-Holley, went out of the legation disguised as a woman, passed through some three hundred police and spies by which the legation was surrounded, and safely crossed the Andes mountains into the Argentine Republic; the other, Colonel Fuentes, was captured in an attempt to escape and is still a prisoner.

"The feeling among a large section of the thinking people of Chili was that by this violent reversal of the policy and procedure of the previous administration the United States legation at Santiago had been converted into a trap to ensnare those men and to hand them over to their political enemies; and whatever may have been the temporary gratification given to one political section in Chili, or whatever the satisfaction derived in certain quarters in Washington from the course pursued, I maintain that the honor and prestige of the United States and its flag have been damaged by this transaction, not only in Chili, but throughout all of South America."

Pleasant Club Entertainment.

Father Mathews' Mueical and Literary club gave its first series of entertainments at Apollo hall, Friday evening, Dec. 15 under the auspices of Father Mathews' Total Abstinence society. The club consists of the most popular young ladies and gentlemen on the West Side, who are advocates and promotors of the noble cause—aqua pura; and owing to the indefatigable labors of the committee in charge—Messrs. Barry, Dempsey, O'Brien and Rafter—the entertainment was a complete success, 300 couples being in attendance. Music was furnished by the Second Regiment band, and the young people enjoyed the light fantastic into the small hours, when they separated with expressions of intense delight at the good time afforded.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

When Owen and the widow arrived at the house of the latter, they found the situation of the bailiff laughable in the extreme. Her eldest son, who had been confined to his bed by a hurt received in his back, was up, and had got the unfortunate driver, who was rather old, wedged in between the dresser and the wall, where his cracked voice—for he was asthmatic—was raised to the highest pitch, calling for assistance. Beside him was a large tub half-filled with water, into which the little ones were emptying small jugs, carried at the top of their speed from a puddle before the door. In the meantime, Jemmy was tugging at the bailiff with all his strength—fortunately for that personage, it was but little—with the most sincere intention of inverting him into the tub which contained as much muddy water as would have been sufficient to make him a subject for the deliberation of a coroner and twelve honest men. Nothing could be more conscientiously attempted than the task which Jemmy had proposed to execute; every tug brought out his utmost strength, and when he failed in pulling down the bailiff, he compensated himself for his want of success, by cuffing his ribs, and peeling his shins by hard kicks; whilst from those open points which the driver's grapple with his man naturally exposed, were inflicted on him by the rejoicing urchins, numberless punches of tongs, potato-washers, and sticks whose points were from time to time hastily thrust into the coals, that they might more effectually either blind or disable him in some other manner.

As one of the little ones ran out to fill his jug, he spied his mother and Owen approaching, on which, with the empty vessel in his hand, he flew towards them, his little features distorted by glee and ferocity, wildly mixed up together.

"Oh mudher, mudher—ha, ha, ha!—don't come in yet; don't come in Owen, till Jimmy, an' huz, an' the Denisses, gets the Bailie drownded. We'll soon have the *bof* (tub) full; but Paddy an' Jack Denis have the eyes a most pucked out of him; an' Katty's takin' the rapin' hook from behind the *cuppel*, to get it about his neck."

Owen and the widow entered with all haste, precisely at the moment when Frank's head was dipped, for the first time, into the vessel.

"Is it goin' to murdher him ye are?" said Owen, as he seized Jemmy with a grasp that transferred him to the opposite end of the house; "hould back ye pack of young devils, an' let the man up. What did he come to do but his duty? I tell you, Jimmy, if you wor *at* yourself, an' in full stringth, that you'd have the man's blood on you where you stand, and would suffer as you ought to do for it."

"There let me," replied the lad, his eyes glowing, and his veins swollen with passion; "I don't care if I did. It would be no sin, an' no disgrace, to hang for the like of him; dacenter to do that, than stale a creel of turf, or a wisp of straw, 'tanny rate."

In the meantime the bailiff had raised his head out of the water, and presented a visage which it was impossible to view with gravity. The widow's anxiety prevented her from seeing it in a ludicrous light; but Owen's severe face assumed a grave smile, as the man shook himself, and attempted to comprehend the nature of his situation. The young urchins, who had fallen back at the appearance of Owen and the widow, now burst into a peal of mirth, in which, however, Jemmy, whose fiercer passions had been roused, did not join.

"Frank McMurt," said the widow, "I take the mother of heaven to witness, that it vexes my heart to see you get sich thratment in my place; an' I wouldn't for the best cow I have that sich a *brieuliagh* (squabble) happened. *Dher charp agus manim* (by my soul and body), Jimmy, but I'll make you suffer for drawin' down this upon my head, and me had enough over it afore."

"I don't care," replied Jemmy; "whoever comes to take our property from us, an' us willin' to work, will suffer for it. Do you think I'd see thim crathurs at their dhry phatie, an' our cows standin' in a pound for no rason? No; high hangin' to me, but I'll split to the skull the first man that takes them; an' all I'm sorry for is, that it's not the vagabone landlord himself that's near me. That's our thanks for payin' many a good pound, in honesty an' dacency, to him an' his; lavin' us to a schamin' agent, an' not even to that same, but to his undher-strappers, that's robbin' us on both sides between them. May hard fortune attind him for a landlord! You may tell him this, Frank—that his wisest plan is to keep clear of the counthry. Sure, it's a gambler he is, they say; an' we must be harrished an' racked to support his villainy! But wait a bit; maybe there's a good time comin', when we'll pay our money to thim that won't be too proud to hear our complaints wid their own ears, an' who won't turn us over to a devil's limb of an agent. *He* had need, anyhow, to get his coffin sooner nor he thinks. What signifies hangin' in a good cause?" said he, as the tears of keen indignation burst from his glowing eyes. "It's a dacent death, an' a happy death, when it's for the right," he added—for his mind was evidently fixed upon the contemplation of those means of redress, which the habits of the country, and the prejudices of the people, present to them in the first moments of passion.

"It's well that Frank's one of ourselves," replied Owen coolly, "otherwise, Jemmy, you said words that would lay you by the heels. As for you, Frank, you must look over this. The boy's the son of dacent poor parents, an' its a new thing for him to see the cows druv from the place. The poor fellow's vexed, too, that he has been so long laid up wid a sore back; an' so you see one thing or another has put him through other. Jimmy is warm-hearted afther all, an' will be sorry for it when he cools, an' remimbers that you wor only doin' your duty."

"But what am I to do about the cows? Sure, I can't go back widout either them or the rint?" said Frank, with a look of fear and trembling at Jemmy.

"The cows!" said another of the widow's sons who then came in; "why, you dirty spalpeen of a rip, you may whistle on the wrong side o' your mouth for them. I *druv* them off the estate; an' now take them, if you dar! Its conthrairy to law," said the urchin; "an' if you'd touch them, I'd make my mudher sarve you wid a lattitat or a fiery-flashes."

This was a triumph to the youngsters, who began to shake their little fists at him, and to exclaim in a chorus—"Ha, you dirty rip! wait till we get you out o' the house, an' if we don't put you from ever drivin'! Why, but you work like another?—ha, you'll get it!"—and every little fist was shook in vengeance against him.

"Whisht wid ye," said Jemmy to the little ones: "let him alone, he got enough. There's the cows for you; and keen may the curse o' the widow an' orphans light upon you, and upon them that sent you, from first to last!—an' that's the best we wish you!"

"Frank," said Owen to the bailiff, "is there any one in the town below that will take the rint, an' give a resate for it? Do you think, man, that the neighbors of an honest, industrious woman 'ud see the cattle taken out of her byre for a thrifle? Hut, tut! no, man alive—no sich thing! There's not a man in the parish, wid names to do it, would see them taken away to be canted, at only about a fourth part of their value. Hut, tut—no!"

As the sterling fellow spoke, the cheeks of the widow were suffused with tears, and her son Jemmy's hollow eyes were once more kindled, but with a far different expression from that which but a few minutes before flashed from them.

"Owen," said he, and utterance nearly failed him: "Owen, if I was well, it wouldn't be as it is wid us; but—no, indeed, it would not: but—may God bless you for this! Owen, never fear but you'll be paid; may God bless you, Owen!"

As he spoke the hand of his humble benefactor was warmly grasped in his.

A tear fell upon it: for with one of those quick and fervid transitions of feeling so peculiar to the people, he now felt a strong, generous emotion of gratitude, mingled, perhaps, with a sense of wounded pride, on finding the poverty of their little family so openly exposed.

"Hut, tut, Jimmy, avic," said Owen, who understood his feelings; "phoo, man alive! hut—hem!—why, sure, its nothin' at all, at all; anybody would do it—only a bare five an'-twenty shillins—(it was five pounds)—any neighbor, Mick Cassidy, Jack Moran, or Peter McCullagh, would do it. Come, Frank, step out; the money's to the fore. Rosha, put your cloak about you, and let us go down to the agint, or clerk, or whomsoever he is—sure, that makes no maxim anyhow; I suppose he has power to give a resate. Jemmy, go to bed again, you're pale, poor bouchal; and, childhre, ye crathurs ye, the cows won't be taken from ye this bout. Come, in the name of God, let us go, and see everything rightified at once—hut, tut—come."

Many similar details of Owen McCarthy's useful life could be given, in which he bore an equally benevolent and Christian part. Poor fellow, he was, ere long, brought low; but, to the credit of our peasantry, much as is said about their barbarity, he was treated, when helpless, with gratitude, pity, and kindness.

Until the peace of 1814, Owen's regular and systematic industry enabled him to struggle successfully against a weighty rent and sudden depression in the price of agricultural produce; that is, he was able, by the unremitting toil of a man remarkable alike for an unbending spirit and a vigorous frame of body, to pay his rent with tolerable regularity. It is true, a change began to be visible in his personal appearance, in his farm, in the dress of his children, and in the economy of his household. Improvements, which adequate capital would have enabled him to effect, were left either altogether unattempted or in an imperfect state, resembling neglect, though, in reality, the result of poverty. His dress at mass, and in fairs and markets, had, by degrees, lost that air of comfort and warmth which bespeak the independent farmer. The evidences of embarrassment began to disclose themselves in many small points—inconsiderable, it is true, but not the less significant. His house, in the progress of his declining circumstances, ceased to be annually ornamented by a new coat of whitewash; it soon assumed a faded and yellowish hue, and sparkled not in the setting sun, as in the days of Owen's prosperity. It had, in fact, a wasted, unthriving look, like its master. The thatch became black and rotten upon its roof; the chimneys sloped to opposite points; the windows were less neat, and ultimately, when broken, were patched with a couple of leaves from the childrens' blotted coppy-books. His outhouses also began to fail. The neatness of his little farmyard, and the cleanliness which marked so conspicuously the space fronting his dwelling-house, disappeared in the course of time. Filth began to accumulate where no filth had been; his garden was not now planted so early, nor with such taste and neatness as before; his crops were later, and less abundant; his haggards neither so full nor so trim as they were wont to be, nor his ditches and enclosures kept in such good repair. His cars, plows, and other farming implements, instead of being put under cover, were left exposed to the influence of wind and weather, where they soon became crazy and useless.

Such, however, were only the slighter symptoms of his bootless struggle against the general embarrassment into which the agricultural interests were, year after year, so unhappily sinking.

Had the tendency to general distress among the class to which he belonged become stationary, Owen would have continued by toil and incessant exertion to maintain his ground; but, unfortunately, there was no point at which the national depression could then stop. Year after year produced deeper, more extensive, and more complicated misery; and when he hoped that every succeeding season would bring an improvement in the market, he was destined to experince not merely a fresh disappointment, but an unexpected depreciation in the price of his corn, butter, and other disposable commodities.

When a nation is reduced to such a state, no eye but that of God himself can see the appalling wretchedness to which a year of disease and scarcity strikes down the working classes.

Owen, after a long and noble contest for nearly three years, sank, at length, under the united calamities of disease and scarcity. The father of the family was laid low upon the bed of sickness, and those of his little ones who escaped it were almost consumed by famine. This two-fold shock sealed his ruin; his honest heart was crushed—his hardy frame shorn of its strength, and he to whom every neighbor fled as to a friend, now required friendship, at a moment when the wide-spread poverty of the country rendered its assistance hopeless.

On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. He was now wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children, too young to assist him, without means of retrieving his circumstances, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half year's term nearer! Oh, ye who write on the miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society—come and contemplate this virtuous man, as unfriended, unassisted, and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark cheerless future! It is to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them, with merciless rapacity, of the means of life; by goading them on under a cruel system of rack-rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinions.

When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having purchased some oatmeal at an enormous price, from a well known devotee in the parish, who had hoarded up this commodity for a "dear summer," he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed his wife as follows:

"Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, asthore; and except our heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I'm goin' to mention, I don't know what we'll do, nor what'll become of these poor crathurs that's naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don't know—and maybe that same's a comfort—the hardships that's before them. Poor crathurs! see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passin' the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, acushla, machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so purtily that the finest lady in the land might envy it; but, acushla, your color's gone, your little hands are wasted away; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, a colleen machree, and he that 'ud spend his heart's blood for you, darlin', can do nothin' to help you!"

He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away; and, after kissing her, he proceeded:

"Ay, ye crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can't do it. This last stroke, darlin', has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the mother of heaven for it, they are all left wid us; and sure that's a blessin' we've to be thankful for—glory be to God!"

"Ay, poor things, it's well to have them spared, Owen dear; sure I'd rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them."

"Beg; that 'ud go hard wid me, Kathleen. I'd work—I'd live on next to nothing all the year round; but to see the crathurs that wor dacently bred up brought to that, I couldn't bear it, Kathleen—'twould break the heart widin me. Poor as they are, they have the blood of kings in their veins; and, besides, to see a McCarthy beggin' his bread in the counthry where his name was once great—The McCarthy More, that was their title—no, acushla; I love them as I do the blood in my own veins; but I'd rather see them in the arms of God in heaven, laid down dacently, with their little sorrowful faces washed, and their little bodies stretched out purtily before my eyes—I would—in the graveyard there beyant, where all belonging to me lie, than have it cast up to them, or have it said, that ever a McCarthy was seen beggin' on the highway."

"But, Owen, can you strike out no plan for us that 'ud put us in the way of comin' round agin? These poor ones, if we could hould out for two or three years, would soon be able to help us."

"They would—they would. I'm thinking this day or two of a plan; but I'm doubtful whether it 'ud come to anything."

"What is it, acushla? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, anyway."

"I'm goin' to go to Dublin. I'm tould that the landlord's come home from France, and that he's there now; and if I didn't see him, sure I could see the agent. Now, Kathleen, my intention 'ud be to lay our case before the head landlord himself, in hopes he might hould back his hand, and spare us for awhile. If I had a line from the agent, or a scrape of a pen, that I could show at home to some of the neighbors, who knows but I could borry what 'ud set us up agin! I think many of them 'ud be sorry to see me turned out; eh, Kathleen?"

The Irish are an imaginative people; indeed too much so, for either their individual or national happiness. And it is this and superstition, which also depends much upon imagination, that makes them so easily influenced by those extravagant dreams that are held out to them by persons who understand their character.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Cuirt an Chronnain.

[AIS LEANAMHAIN.]

Air maidin, lá air na mhárach, thàinig na sagairt go d-tí an abhainn os cómhair na cúirte, agus chonnaire siad na cleitheacha a bhí air a g-cuid tighteadh ag snámh 'san uisge. Chuireadar fios air na bráithribh, agus d'iarradar orra dul go Cronnán agus siothcháin d' fhuagradh, agus do ráidh leis nach g-cuirfeadh siad níos mó tríobhóide air. Chuaidh na bráithre chum na cúirte. Chuir Cronnán fáilte orra, agus d'fhiafruigh creud do bhídheadar ag iarraidh. "Thángamar d'ár sagartaibh, le siothchain d'fhuagradh uaidh ort, ar ghairdidh siad gan tríobhóid eile do chur." "Is maith dhóibh sin," ar Cronnán, "tigidh liom anois, go bh-feicidh sibh me ag cur cleith na d-tighteadh air ais." Chuadar leis chomh fada leis an abhainn; ann sin shéid sé sluneán as gach poll áire. D'éirigh cleitheacha na d-tighteadh chomh maith a's bhídheadar an uair cuireadh suas iad i d-tosach. Bhí iongantas air na sagartaibh agus dubhairt siad le chéile, "ní'l cúmhacht na draoidheachta marbh, ná díbirthe as an tír fós." O'n lá sin amach ní rachadh sagart no duine air bith eile anaice le cúirt a' Chronnáin.

Bliadhain andhiaigh báis Mháire ni Chiarachán, bhí pátrún i g-Coillte-broncais. Bhí fir óga go leor cruinnighthe ann, agus 'nna measg bhí Páidin mac Mháire ni Chiarachán. D'óladar uisge-beatha go rabhadar air mire. An uair bhídheadar teacht abhaile dubhairt Páidin O'Ciarachán, "Tá go leor airgid 'sa' g-cúirt sin ahuas, agus má tá meisneach agaibh tig linn a fhághail." Mar bhí an t-ól founta dubhairt dá reug (dá ar deug) acu, "tá meisneach againn agus rachamaoid go d-tí an chúirt." An uair chuadar go d-tí an doras, dubhairt Páidin O'Ciarachán, "Fosgail an doras no brisfimid é." Tháinig Cronnán amach agus dubhairt, "muna d-téidh sibh abhaile, cuirfead codladh mios oraibh." Shaoileadar greim d'fhághail air Chronnán, acht chuir sé sinnéan gaoithe as a pholl áiridhibh, agus d'fhuadaigh na fir óra go lios dar b'ainm Lios-trom-neul, agus chuir trom-chodladh orra agus neul mór os a g-cionn, agus ní'l ainm air an áit sin ó shin amach acht Lios-trom-neul.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

MOTHERS, and especially nursing mothers, need the strengthening support and help that comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of childbearing, insures healthy, vigorous offspring, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment on the part of the mother. It is an invigorating tonic made especially for women, perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system, as it regulates and promotes all the natural functions and never conflicts with them.

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MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
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No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
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No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
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OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

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HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

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A Miscreant Shoots Three Women and Himself.

HIS SWEETHEART DIES INSTANTLY

Another of His Victims Mortally Hurt and the Fiend Himself Will Not Recover—No Known Cause for the Bloody Work—One Jealous Girl Kills Another at Deadwood—Diabolical Attempt to Dynamite a Bank President.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Dec. 19—Barnie Patrick, aged 18, shot his sweetheart, Ina Dodson, and two other women and then put a pistol ball through his own head. The tragedy occurred in the store of J. C. Tucker, on Townson avenue. Miss Dodson was killed instantly. One of the other women, Mrs. James Hendricks, will die. The third, Mrs. Ella Garrett, will recover. When the neighbors ran in to see what the shooting meant all four of the victims lay in their own separate pools of blood on the floor. The girl's father had refused Patrick the house and the young man urged his suit clandestinely and claimed to have an engagement to meet her, when they were to be married.

No Cause for the Deviltry.

She failed to keep her engagement and he sought her out with the results as stated. No cause is assigned for the shooting of the other two ladies. It developed at the inquest that young Patrick had been outside of town with a man named Day and together they tested the shooting qualities of the pistol with which the deed was done. It was shown also that Day accompanied Patrick to the house where the killing was done, but stood on the outside. Day was placed in jail.

ONE GIRL MURDERS ANOTHER.

Jealousy Again the Cause of a Coldblooded Killing at Deadwood.

OMAHA, Dec. 19.—A special to The Bee from Deadwood, S. D., says: A coldblooded murder occurred in one of the rear rooms of the Mascot saloon. The murderess, Austie Trevis, a girl only 18, is an inmate of Bell Haskill's bawdy house, and her victim was Maggie McDermott, formerly of Sioux City. For some time there had been trouble between them on account of the love they both cherished for Frank Debelloy, a handsome dark-eyed gambler.

A meeting was held between the three to give Debelloy a chance to decide which of the two he loved. The decision seemed to be going in Maggie's favor, when the Trevis girl drew a gun and with the words, "If I can't have him, you can't," she shot the McDermot girl. She lived about ten minutes, during which time she was unconscious. Debelloy was arrested with the Trevis girl as an accessory.

ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION.

The Assassin Tries to Kill His Man with a Dynamite Bomb.

BRECKINRIDGE, Colo., Dec. 19.—Some unknown person attempted to throw a bomb made of gas-pipe and loaded with dynamite into the room over the Exchange State bank, occupied by Geo. Engle president of the bank. The bomb missed the window and dropped to the sidewalk, where it exploded, shattering the windows of the bank and adjacent buildings.

The purpose of the bomb thrower was apparently not to rob the bank, but to assassinate Engle, who was sleeping. This is the third dynamite outrage which has occurred in the city. Three years ago the Methodist church was wrecked by a bomb, and last August something of the kind was exploded beneath the Murnie boarding house which was almost destroyed, several persons being injured.

Sudden Stop to the Meyer Trial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The trial of Dr. Henry Meyer, who is accused of poisoning Ludwig Brandt to obtain the insurance on the latter's life, has ended in a most sensational manner. While Meyer's attorney, Charles W. Brooke, was making a strong plea for him in the court of oyer and terminer the trial was dramatically stopped by the fainting of Juror Alexander B. Low, a plumber. At this writing it seems that the trial had ended for good. Low will hardly recover so as to sit on the jury again and the prosecution says that it would be impossible to get another jury now.

Messenger Murdered in his Car.

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 19.—A message has just been received here calling for a sheriff's posse to go to Crosby. When the Southern Pacific east bound train reached Liberty John Hutchinson, the Wells-Fargo messenger, was found dead in his car, his head cleaved open by a blow from an ax and the car robbed.

Light Sentence for a "Brutal Murder."

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 19.—Martin O'Neill, who was convicted of manslaughter for the most brutal murder of Mrs. Kate Griffes, has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the limit allowed by the law.

The Coxey Plan of Relief.

MASSILLON, O., Dec. 19.—J. S. Coxey, of this place, is the author of what he calls "The Coxey Plan" for relieving the hard times by the issuance of $500,000,000 in treasury notes, the money to be expended in the construction of roads under the direction of the secretary of war. The American Federation of Labor, at Chicago, has endorsed this plan and Mr. Coxey is using his private means to promote its success. Senator Sherman, in a letter to a paper here, says the plan would be a "fearful failure." The government cannot build roads. That is the state's duty, and the irredeemable paper issue would bankrupt the country.

The Homestead Plant May Close.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 19.—An evening paper has a sensational story to the effect that the big Carnegie steel plant at Homestead will be closed down indefinitely in all its departments on Dec. 23. Secretary Lovejoy's version of the matter is that there is no present intention of shutting down and such will not be the case as long as the mill has orders enough to keep in work. If at any time orders should fail to an extent necessitating a shut-down it will be but temporary and work resumed certainly within a few days.

Two More Corpses at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 19.—The bodies of Geo. Lilly and H. Plaiss have been taken from the bridge wreck. This makes nine dead bodies gotten out and thirteen are still missing. Moore, Hoben and Sharp, three of the injured men, are still in a very precarious condition and will probably die.

CLEVELAND'S HAWAIIAN MESSAGE.

A Synopsis of the Document That Has Been So Long Looked For.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—The president's Hawaiian policy, with all the accompanying correspondence since March 4, 1889, with a special message, has been spread before congress. The message presents to congress the basis for the president's belief that the overthrow of the queen was the result of the active efforts of ex-Minister Stevens. Having asserted that the United States was responsible for the revolt the message then deals with the moral obligation of this government to right what it finds to be a wrong.

The president discloses the exact nature of the instructions given to Willis. The latter was instructed to advise the queen that this country desired to repair the wrong done her by restoring her to the throne. But Willis was cautioned to be explicit in the fact that the restoration must not be followed by the punishment of those who had taken part in the revolution or by the repudiation of the governmental obligations regularly made by the provisional authorities.

This last feature of the message makes public for the first time that Queen Liliuokalani has been the obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of Cleveland's purposes. The message states that the queen declined to accede to the condition of amnesty, notwithstanding that she was repeatedly told that her assent was a condition precedent to any effort for her restoration.

It is also presumed that Willis' report indicated that the queen demanded that if restored the United States should agree to maintain her on the throne, as the letter of instructions directs Willis in the event of such an inquiry to say that the president cannot employ force without congressional authority.

The confidential instructions to Willis under date of Oct. 18 go carefully into the grounds upon which the administration decided that the revolution of January was accomplished by the intervention of the armed force of the United States and efforts of Stevens, and that national honor demands that reparation shall be made by the restoration of the queen. He is instructed to inform the queen that the annexation treaty will not be again sent to the senate and that Cleveland regrets the reprehensible conduct of the American minister, which made the revolution possible.

No instructions to use force are included in this letter. It is evident from the supplemental instructions sent to Mr. Willis under date of Dec. 3 that the queen declined the condition contained in the first instructions. Willis was instructed that in case the queen refuses her assent, all interposition in her favor was to be withdrawn.

The most striking feature of the diplomatic correspondence during the days of Blaine are the strong annexation sentiments expressed by Stevens. But for some reason there is a noticeable absence of direct response from Blaine.

In concluding the message Cleveland says that the situation has now assumed such form that he regards it desirable to turn the entire subject over to the broader authority of congress, and he adds that he will be gratified to co-operate in any legislative solution of the question which is based on morality and justice.

THE TRICK OF A WOMAN.

It Gave Her Away When Masquerading in Men's Clothes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 19.—Della Snow, a well-known society girl with sporting blood in her veins, was an interested spectator at the prize fight between Bobby Burns and Martin Flaherty. During the closing rounds of the fight when Flaherty was hammering Burns all over the ring Miss Snow looked on with undisguised admiration and deported herself as if she was a veteran ring-goer. She was not in her feminine garb, however, having dressed in male attire throughout, and a long ulster reaching to her ankles concealed the awkwardness of her deportment in her new rig. But although she passed for a man when she entered the club room her femininity cropped out in an unexpected way.

She had reserved for her one of the upper seats. When she climbed the steps to it she unconsciously lifted the sides of her ulster to enable her to climb more freely. Any one who has noticed this habit of womankind can imagine the surprise of the married men around the ring. In a few minutes the entire roomfull of men knew that a woman was among them and Miss Snow knew that they had penetrated her disguise. But she was bound to see that fight and she stuck it out and afterward confided to a friend that it was worth seeing.

ROBBED OF TEN THOUSAND.

All of It Gold and Taken in a Very Mysterious Manner.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 19.—Ten thousand dollars in gold has been stolen from the cellar of David Stout's house, two miles northwest of Haughville. Stout is over 60 years old and the money was the savings of years. The whole affair has been carefully concealed and the story has just got beyond the family. Stout says that when he last counted his hoard there was $7,000, but since then he had added sums that would bring the sum to $10,000. It is not known when the money was taken and there is no clue.

What the Lehigh Valley Strike Cost.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec. 19.—Grand Secretary Arnold, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, makes the following estimate of the cost of the Lehigh strike to the brotherhoods involved: Engineers, $40,000; firemen, $34,000; trainmen, $35,000; conductors, $30,000, and telegraphers, $10,000. But one other strike has cost the brotherhood as much, and that was the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, which cost the engineers $1,000,000 and the firemen $500,000.

Another Opinion by Moloney.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 14.—Attorney General Moloney has rendered an opinion that the by-law requiring subscribers to building and loan associations to give sixty days' notice of intention to withdraw is illegal, as the statute requires but thirty days notice and that the secretary of the association may buy the shareholder's book and certificate at a discount of its withdrawal value without abuse of his official position providing the purchase is "straight."

Drowned at the Fair Grounds.

CHICAGO, Dec. 15.—Richard Bachem, 13 years old, was drowned in the lagoon at Jackson park. He was skating and fell through the ice near the Fisheries building. The boy worked for the Western Union company as a messenger. He lived at Madison avenue and One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE TO OUR OWN READERS.

Reports of Accidents, Crimes and Other Matters of Interest Received by Telegraph and Given in a Column Where They Can Be Readily Perused.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—The Illinois Central Railroad company has filed with the governor of the state of Illinois the statement of gross receipts for the six months ending Oct. 31, 1893, amounting to $6,431,090. This revenue is derived from traffic over the original lines of the Illinois Central railroad within the state of Illinois. The 7 per cent. payable to the state is $450,176. The amount paid for the previous six months is $302,690, making a total for the year 1893 of $753,067. This is the largest annual payment ever yet made by the Illinois Central Railroad company; it is more than double the amount paid in the year 1863, when it was $300,894. This statement shows clearly that the state of Illinois has profited directly and largely by the increase of the 7 per cent. paid it by the Illinois Central railroad, owing to the fair having been held in Chicago.

Vaccination Not an Experiment.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 14.—The state board of health has issued a circular to school directors in which the latter are told relative to the complaints against vaccination on various grounds that the time for discussion is past; that the requirement for vaccination of school children is law and that the directors have no discretion in the matter and are not authorized to set aside the law. Statistics are given showing that in Germany in 1890 there were but fifty-eight cases in the year; and, to answer the objection that vaccination is dangerous it is stated that out of 2,458,483 persons vaccinated in Germany in 1890 there was not a single fatal case. The board promises to stand between school directors and damages.

Robbed by Masked Men.

VIRGINIA, Ills., Dec. 18.—Another daring and successful robbery was committed in the northern part of Cass county. John Kelso and Michael Finnegan, living on the Thompson farm, were aroused from sleep by loud knocking at the door. Going to the door they opened it and asked what was wanted. Three masked men stepped inside. Confronting Kelso and Finnegan with drawn revolvers, they ordered them to stand and deliver. The house was ransacked and $50 in cash and other valuables secured. The robbers are supposed to be the same gang that held up John Kershaw, a prominent farmer residing near Chandlerville, two weeks ago, relieving him of his available money.

The Corn Crop in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 15.—Following is summary of the reports of the corn crop of the state made to the state board of agriculture Dec. 1: Area planted is 1,818,656 acres larger than in 1892. The northern division planted 2,842,838 acres; central division, 2,644,416; southern division, 949,234. Notwithstanding the adverse circumstances of the past season the average yield per acre is 26 bushels, making a total yield of nearly 32,500,000 bushels larger than in 1892. The total corn crop of the state for 1893 was 169,016,371 bushels.

Fatal Fall from a Window.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 18.—William Vanselow, messenger and clerk in the office of the superintendent of public instruction, while standing in a second-story window of the statehouse, slipped on the icy ledge and fell to the street, thirty feet below, and was killed. He was a well known politician among the Germans. He leaves a widow and eight children.

Break in a Canal.

OTTAWA, Ills., Dec. 14.—A break in the bank of the Illinois and Michigan canal caused a serious flood. Cellars in business houses and private dwellings were inundated to a depth of five feet and the goods stored in same, most of which were perishable, were destroyed. Several poor people suffered heavy losses by the flood.

Appointments by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 14.—Governor Altgeld has made the following appointments: Fred M. Schmidt, Chicago, member of the state board of pharmacy; John A. Lartin, grain inspector at Sheldon; Thomas Gill, of Belleville, fish warden of Calhoun county; William C. Moreland, Anna, public guardian for Union county.

Mismanagement and Conspiracy.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 19. — Auditor Gore states that the assets of the American Building, Loan and Investment society of Chicago, have been impaired $300,000 by mismanagement and by reason of conspiracy entered into by the officers of the society with intent to profit at the expense of the share holders thereof.

Corner-Stone Laid.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Dec. 14.—The corner-stone of the new machinery hall at the University of Illinois was laid with proper ceremonies. Professor N. Clifford Ricker delivered the address of the day, and a number of other speechs were made. The structure is to be one of the largest and best of its kind in America.

Trying to Break Up a Corporation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 14.—Attorney General Moloney has prepared an opinion adverse to the Spring Valley Coal company, whose affairs he has been investigating, and will make an application to court to have the charter of the corporation forfeited. The corporation, which is wealthy and powerful will fight the case.

Illinois State Grange Adjourns.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 16.—The state Grange has adjourned sine die. Oliver Wilson, of Magnolia, was elected worthy master, and Thomas Keady, of Danlap, secretary. Resolutions were adopted demanding a 2-cent-a-mile-railway-fare law and prohibition of passes to public officials and editors.

He Left a Trail of Blood.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., Dec. 19.—Near New Louisville, Ark., a freight crew saw packages tumbling from a car as the train moved along. The crew found a man in one of the cars busy throwing out a miscellaneous collection. He jumped and ran, pursued by the crew. Closely pressed, he turned and opened fire with revolvers. The crew returned it, but after a severe exchange of lead, the thief escaped, leaving a trail of blood.

Denies That a Settlement Was Made.

BUTTE, Mont., Dec. 19.—James A. Talbot, special administrator of the Davis estate, denies that any settlement has been made.

GAINING ADHERENTS.

INSURGENT FORCES IN BRAZIL BECOMING INCREASED.

Many Arbitrary Arrests of Citizens Made on the Ground That They Have Revolutionary Tendencies—A Reckless Disregard of International Courtesy.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Dec. 19.—The insurgents are gaining adherents in Rio de Janeiro and men are constantly joining them in a body. Of 1,200 troops sent south to oppose the advance of Gomercinde Saraiva, over 100 deserted en route. A few days ago orders were sent by the government to Minas Geraes to arrest the Visconde Ouro Preto, head of the monarchist party in Brazil. The provincial authorities refused point blank to execute the order. From Bahai news has been received that the people there prepared to declare in favor of the insurgents. This is due chiefly to the fact that they foresee the probability of the restoration of the empire. Peixoto is becoming more and more dictatorial in his methods, and has alienated during the last few days most of the sympathy which up to that time he had retained. Every day people are being arrested by the government's orders on the ground that they are suspected of revolutionary tendencies.

Firing on the British Flag.

Over fifteen hundred persons are now in prison in Rio de Janeiro on account of their supposed political tendencies. They are treated with scant courtesy and herded with criminals and malefactors of all descriptions. The Sao Paulo government on several occasions of late has arrested Brazilians on board British steamers. The custom now is for Fort Santa Cruz to order all the ships outside of the harbor. The government then sends a launch from the military school, boards the vessel, and in four instances has arrested Brazilians found on board. The serious matter is that government troops are constantly firing upon the British flag. A few days ago a launch flying the white ensign and containing a British officer in uniform and two blue jackets, was deliberately fired at near Armaco, the shell falling in the water only a few yards from the boat.

Nitchroy at Brazil.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—The Herald's special dispatch from Pernambuco, Brazil, Dec. 17, says: The cruiser Nitchroy, purchased by the Brazilian government in New York, has arrived here. There is already trouble with the crew. Those who enlisted in New York demand very high pay for re-enlistment for service in the Brazilian navy, although it was well understood before sailing that they were expected to re-enlist for active service when a Brazilian port was reached. Representatives of President Peixeto refuse to allow the demands of the crew and will probably ship a new crew of Brazilians here. The Nitchroy will go to Bahie from here and thence to Rio de Janeiro.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Lively Debate in the House—Doings in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—At 1 o'clock the reading of the president's message was finished in the senate, and the reading of the second message, in answer to the request of the senate for correspondence, begun. Chandler and Hoar asked for Minister Willis' instructions. Democratic senators objected to the reading of Mr. Willis' instructions in any shape except in the regular order. Butler moved to refer the papers to the committee on foreign affairs, which, after debate, was held to be in order. Chandler, debating this motion, then opened the discussion on the president's message.

In his letter transmitting it to the senate President Cleveland states that under the clause in the resolution of inquiry for the correspondence, which allowed him to withhold such matters as he considers incompatible with the public welfare, he has retained the messages received by the state department from Minister Willis.

In the house debate on pensions Dolliver in a red hot speech protested in the name of the Union soldiers of Iowa without regard to politics against the pension policy of the administration which he described as a policy of infamy. General Sickles, the one-legged hero of the battle of Gettysburg, said he was glad to see on the part of those who were his adversaries in battle a disposition to grant liberal pensions to all worthy Union veterans. He hoped to see the pension question kept aloof from sections.

His statement that he did not believe wholesale fraud existed in the pension roll caused great applause from the Republican side, which was renewed when he declared that no party would rule long in this country and no rulers would susvive popular condemnation who cast unmerited slurs upon the the integrity and good faith of the veterans upon the pension roll.

Buffalo Bill for Governor.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 19.—Since the Hon. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") has returned to his home in North Platte, he has been banqueting all the people of the neighborhood, and has, in fact, kept open house. It has just been learned that the purpose which he has in view is to become a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket next year. The politicians will launch his boom in a short time. As Nebraska has never had a governor from the western part of the state, and as Cody is very popular, his candidacy will be strong and possibly successful.

Died in Saving His Daughter.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—While saving his young daughter from a terrible death, Richard H. Dockrill, the oldest of American horse trainers and circus riders, was kicked in the side by a savage stallion and probably fatally injured. The girl was bitten by the horse, but escaped with a slight wound.

The Iron Hall Worry Again.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 19.—Judge Winters has heard arguments in the suit brought by Receiver Fail, of the order of Iron Hall, against ex-Supreme Cashier Davis to recover $50,000 interest on the funds of the order which Davis is charged with having put to his own use. No decision was given.

Lost Part of Each Ear.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19.—Pete Nolan, a noted pugilist, lost a part of each ear in a pistol and fist encounter with Charles Davis, a circus follower. It is undecided whether Nolan's ears were shot off or bit off.

Highwayman's Career Closed.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 19.—At Wyandotte and Sixth streets, in the business district, an unknown highwayman in attempting to hold up a young man was fatally shot by the latter.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Short Paragraphs About the Happenings of a Week.

Lawrence Gronlund of Washington, the Socialist writer, is going to lecture in Kansas. He thinks the field is ripe for the organization of a new political party, the corner-stone of which will be socialism.

James Roberts, a business man of Quinnamont, W. V., had his throat cut from ear to ear by a rival in a love affair.

Suicides: At Fort Worth, Ind., Frederick Knoch, morphine, despondency; at Celina, O., William Bell, cut his throat, business troubles.

Alexander Sanderson and George Taylor, merchants of Terre Haute, Ind., who have been using coins for advertising purposes, have been indicted for counterfeiting. The principal object in indicting them is to make a test case.

For several weeks the Rev. Lew Hoerl has been conducting a revival at Salina, O. Now he is in jail for several petty thefts.

Claude Raymond, while pumping oil near Center Point, W. Va., fell into a tank filled with oil and was drowned.

Ephraim Kelly, charged with forging the name of Louis Glass to notes of $5,000 at Salem, O., has been arrested.

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Joseph Lyde was mortally wounded at Selma, Ala., by a shot fired by an unknown man.

Three-year-old Johnnie Williams was burned to death in Boston. Two men who tried to rescue him were overcome by smoke.

E. H. Williams, the Iowa City board of trade man who has been missing for more than a week, is said to be short in his accounts $20,000.

A cage containing six men fell to the bottom of a mine owned by the Osage Coal and Mining company at McAlester, I. T. One or both legs of every man was broken.

John Martens of Davenport, Ia., used the butt end of a loaded gun to scare a rabbit out of some brush. His body was discovered later.

Matt Koski, who was stabbed by another Finlander during a fight at Houghton, Mich., is dead. His slayer is still at large.

Ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman has subscribed $25,000 to the building of an opera house to take the place of the Henrietta theater at Columbus, O., which was burned recently.

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Howard L. Spring, alleged tramp, dynamiter and crank, who tried to terrorize the occupants of The Times building at Boston a few weeks ago, has been started on his way to Chicago, where he belongs.

At Lima, Peru, the British minister Colonel Sir Charles Mansfield, while returning from the cricket field, was attacked by a furious cow and was seriously wounded in the body, throat and head.

B. L. Duke, the big cigarette manufacturer at Durham, N. C., has failed for $500,000.

A hundred Mexican soldiers are reported to have been killed in a battle with revolutionists near Colula Juarez.

Pending an appeal to the Missouri supreme court the barbers of Kansas City will observe Sunday closing.

William H. Frear's dry goods house, the largest in Troy, N. Y., was burned, with other property, at a loss of $400,000.

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Mr. Neary of Newark, N. J., has received from the treasury department a new $5 note for one that was eaten by his goat, which he killed to recover the fragments that accompanied his affidavit.

Henry Holcomb, a farmer living near Grand Haven, Mich., had 100 chickens which netted him 75 cents each. Thieves took the chickens, but in their hurry dropped a pocketbook containing $75.

W. A. Latter, claiming Chicago as his home, was arrested in Birmingham, Ala., charged with selling silver watches with gold plating for gold watches.

Henry H. Yard was acquitted at Philadelphia of the charge of aiding Gideon W. Marsh, the fugitive president of the Keystone bank.

Jacob Geisen of Columbus, O., was found frozen to death in the woods near Clark Station, Ind.

Mrs. Claussen of Lyons, Ia., wife of a section hand, was killed by a Milwaukee passenger train.

William Cox, a pensioner, who had just received some back pay, was sandbagged and robbed near Liberty, Ind.

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Charles Hoyt has received a letter from John L. Sullivan asking Hoyt to write a play for him next season.

Six hundred men were thrown out of employment by the closing down of the Hanover Woolen mills at Galena, Ills.

E. J. Reeves, who found damaging letters in his wife's possession, shot and killed Thomas L. James at Dallas, Tex.

Anna Norris, wife of Dr. John Norris of Fostoria, O., was granted a divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and gross negligence.

Philip T. Williams is charged with forging a note for $216 and is in custody at Huntington, Ind.

Almora Coal, 8 years old, was burned to death at Newton, Ills., while playing near a fire.

Efforts are making to save the neck of Wilson Howard, held at Jefferson, Mo., for over thirty murders.

Ex-Secretary of Agriculture Colman clears $50,000 annually from his stock farm in Missouri.

Robert Mortour, sentenced to hang at Pineville, Ky., for the murder of Miss Mary E. Bowden, was granted a stay of execution.

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The Massachusetts division of the League of American Wheelmen is the banner division. Its membership now is 6,236, as against 4,670 at this time last year.

The relief committee of Pittsburg has made arrangements with the city authorities for the employment of as many men as apply on city works at 10 cents an hour.

The department of the Salvation Army's darkest England scheme, known as the "bridge," a bureau for helping discharged prisoners, reports failure in scarcely 7 per cent. of the convicts received.

A tank in which molasses was boiled broke at New Orleans. Paul Lynch, a workman, was scalded to death. Two others were badly burned.

Boston railroads will hereafter have a minimum charge of $1 per day for the detention of cars not loaded or unloaded within ninety-six hours after being placed.

J. Bird Davidson and W. D. Jones, notorious thieves and probable murderers, are under arrest at New York.

The plant of the J. A. Winter Manufacturing company at Sheboygan, Wis., was purchased for $10,000 by the Bank of Sheboygan

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

COLLAPSE OF A BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO RIVER.

Fifty Men Hurled into the Waters and at Least Twenty of Them Killed—The Bridge Was Under Construction and Those Killed Were Workmen.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 15.—A whole span of the Jeffersonville bridge fell into the river. The bridge is now under construction by the Phœnix Bridge company of Phœnixville, Pa. Fifty men were at work on the bridge, all of whom were precipitated into the river. The number killed will not exceed twenty. The bridge has been under construction for a number of years. Several times work has been suspended for lack of funds. Two years ago the Masonic Savings bank failed because of its connection with the bridge company. Recently financial assistance was obtained and work was resumed. Three years ago in constructing the piers a dreadful accident happened at the caisson resulting in the death of twelve men. Accidents have been frequent and from first to last it is said that fifty men have been killed.

The Work of Rescue.

This last shocking accident was witnessed by men employed along the river front and on the boats plying up and down the river. The ferry company at once sent two boats to assist in securing the bodies of the dead and dying and rescuing the workmen still alive. The officials of the bridge were soon on the scene, but refused to answer any questions put to them. Both banks of the river were crowded with people. Many women were in the throngs, and it was apparent there were present the wives and children of those who had gone down to death. Three patrol wagons were kept busy and the guards were assisted by the fire department in carrying off the dead and injured. The wagons could not go to and from the hospital fast enough to received those taken from the river. The only street leading to the approaches to the bridge is Campbell street. Here the throngs rushed toward the bridge, which became so dense that only with the greatest difficulty the police could keep the passageway from becoming completely blocked.

The Dead and Injured.

The following were taken out dead and injured: Dead—Lester Garlick, Frank Miller, Patrick Kelley, Frank Simons, Charles Murphy, J. B. Burk of Franklin, Pa., John Courtney, —— Russell, Bud Cavanaugh.

The injured are—Al Moore, engineer of traveler, both arms broken, will die; —— Galloway, badly hurt; Jack Lehey, Cambridge, Mass., legs and arms broken; G. M. Brown, Irvington, Ky., arm broken; D. E. Sheehan, Greenup, Ky., badly hurt; G. F. Halls, Bristol, Tenn.; Harry Reese, Mercer, Pa., both arms broken, back hurt, internal injuries, will die; Harry Lee, New Albany, badly hurt, but will recover.

WENT THROUGH A BRIDGE.

Five Killed and a Number Injured in a Railway Wreck.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., Dec. 18.—Five people were killed and six injured by a railroad disaster on the Western New York and Pennsylvania, three miles from this city. The dead are: Jesse Hodge, the conductor, Brocton; William E. McCain, the baggageman, Buffalo; Oscar Porter, Brocton; Mrs. J. N. Portor, his mother; George Ryman, Fredonia. The injured are: Charlotte Friedholm, Dunkirk, scalp wound and perhaps internal injuries; Mabel Williams, not serious; Mrs. Oscar Porter, Brocton, two severe cuts on head and right ankle fractured; Byron R. Barton, Mayville, scalp wound and severe cut on left arm, right hand cut and bruised; A. W. McLane, engineer, Brocton, head seriously cut and badly bruised; Barney Moss, Brocton, fireman, left arm nearly severed, deep cut in the head, very serious.

The train went through the trestle that spans Henrick creek about three miles east of here. Ordinarily it is a harmless little stream, but the heavy rain of the last two days swelled it into a torrent and in the afternoon it poured a flood of angry water against the trestle. The force of the flood was so great that the rocks supporting the under sills were washed away.

CONFLAGRATION AT BUFFALO.

The Arcade Block Destroyed, Causing a Loss of $1,500,000.

BUFFALO, Dec. 14.—The block at the corner of Clinton and Main streets and extending back to Washington, known as the Arcade, was destroyed by fire, and Robinson's Muse theatre and Shea's Concert hall (the latter are the finest in the west) are in ruins. The fireman of the building is missing and it is supposed perished in the flames.

It was evident from the first that it was hopeless to think of saving the Arcade building, and especial attention was directed to checking the progress of the fire toward Eagle street. In the building and among those who will suffer by the fire are: Shea & Eberhart; M. S. Robinson; Buffalo Clothes Cleaning company; T. C. Tanke, jeweler and optician; Theabaud & Co., dyers; Harvey & Co. The damage will aggregate $1,500,000.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

Mrs. Paisley.

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the eyelids so sore it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—
The Bo[illegible]

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
Rus[illegible]

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
"She d[illegible]e Ill[illegible]Bits."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
"A Texas Steer."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
"The Black Crook."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
Felix Morris.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
Hopkins' Specialty Company.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
"The Nabobs."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

A CANDID SPEECH.

Since the introduction of the first of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule measures in the British house of commons in 1886, most of the prominent Irish Nationalists who were up to that date more or less rebellious in their public utterances, changed their tune, and began to avow themselves loyal subjects of Queen Victoria. The patriots who, on former occasions, refused to drink that little old lady's health, have toasted her like bellowing slaves ever since the British premier became a Home Ruler. Today the mayors of all the Irish municipalities are loyalists. Strange to say, the Parnellite mayors seem to be particularly interested in the good health of her "Majesty," and in the integrity of the Empire. Mayor Shanks, of Dublin, for instance, made himself offensively obnoxious to Irish-Americans during his visit to Chicago by his silly West British flunkeyism. Mayor Roche, of Cork, another follower of Mr. Redmond, presiding over a banquet in connection with the old municipal ceremony peculiar to that city, and known as the throwing of the dart, had the execrable taste to propose Victoria's health, and indulge in some very servile compliments to that politically worthless woman, under whose regime Ireland has been drained of half her population by artificial famines and ruthless evictions. Things have come to a pretty poor pass when avowedly radical Irishmen are slavish enough to bow down before the clay feet of this contemptible idol.

The result of these loyal speeches has been most demoralizing. Good but weak-kneed Nationalists of the old school are afraid to preach the true tenets of nationality, lest they might offend the tender susceptibilities of the Home Rule agitators. A goodly number of the Nationalists, while professing loyalty in public, wink the other eye in private, and whisper to the so-called extremists with bated breath: "Ah, sure we are only humbugging the Saxon in order to get out of him as much as ever we can!" The National hypocrisy, engendered by this double-dealing policy, is the great curse of modern Irish politics. Oh, for an hour of Thomas Davis!

There are, however, in Ireland a few sturdy patriots still left, who have the courage of their convictions, and who dare to express them in public. One of these is Mr. Moynihan, of Tralee, county Kerry, who at a recent meeting held in that town, delivered himself of the following virile remarks:

"We are told that we are not to speak our minds—that we must not proclaim our sentiments lest we should insult and estrange English opinion. This respect for English opinion has become an all-absorbing, an all-pervading factor in the public life of Ireland. I have no hesitation in saying that ours is an artificial public life, and that the expressions of our public men very frequently misrepresent the true feelings of our people. (Hear, hear.) Let us be honest and speak the truth. We hate England in our hearts (cheers); we hate the tyranny which she ever uses against ourselves, and the brutal bullying which she displays against every weak nation (hear, hear); we hate her hypocritical assumption of virtue, and her unscrupulous abuse of power (cheers); we hate her pomp, her pride, her greed. In God's name let us speak our thoughts, and by retaining our own self-respect let us gain the respect of others. (Hear, hear.) Much has been said and written about a 'union of hearts.' How the English must laugh in their sleeves or keep their tongues in their cheeks when they search the gospel for the 'union of hearts,' while John Daly and his fellow patriots are locked up in the dungeons of Portland. (Cheers.)"

Mr. Moynihan deserves the gratitude of all true Irishmen for these manly and outspoken utterances. His condemnation of the snivelling and Pecksniffian cant of self-styled Nationalists will find a responsive echo in the bosoms of all stalwart patriots who believe in the teachings of Tone and Emmet. It is quite refreshing to read the thoroughgoing speech of his in these degenerate days of ours.

THE MAYORAL ELECTION.

The midwinter election battle is over, and the Democrats claim to have elected their candidate, Mr. Hopkins, by from 1,200 to 1,400 of a plurality. The vote was simply enormous. Hopkins, according to the police returns, received 112,956; Swift, 111,736; Britzius, 2,079, and Wakely 533—making a grand total of 227,307 votes. This is extraordinary, considering that there were, practically, but two serious candidates in the field. It must be admitted that both Messrs. Swift and Hopkins spared no exertions to win, and the Republican candidate, although apparently defeated, has no reason to feel humiliated but the reverse. Where now is the herculean majority that gave Cook county and Illinois to Altgeld and Cleveland in 1892? Where is the imposing majority that, last April, elected the late Carter Harrison? The Democratic chiefs have little cause to toot their horns and make themselves jubilantly offensive. The outcome justifies, to a nicety, the aphorism of the Duke of Wellington. "There is nothing so sad as a victory, except a defeat." Technically the Republicans seem to be beaten. Morally they are the victors, and the splendid fight they made gives indications of both technical and moral victories in the future.

Although some malignantly disposed persons, by a shabby trick, which cannot be charged to either the Republican or Democratic candidate for mayor, for both are men of too much intelligence and character to resort to it, the question of race and religion was drawn into the controversy at almost the last moment. Mr. Swift claims, with justice, that this trick defeated him. It was Burchard resurrected. Notwithstanding, it was gratifying to see Irish and German and Slavonic Catholics fighting for Mayor Swift, who is a Protestant; and American, German and other Protestants fighting for Mr. Hopkins, who is a Catholic. This is at it should be, and will do much toward quelling religious bigotry and race intolerance in future campaigns. Apart from the particular malignant trick alluded to, the campaign was cleanly conducted, and there was a general absence of Billingsgate and rowdyism which so frequently disfigured former contests. A few foolish, or drunken, fellows made slight attempts to disturb Republican speakers in a few of the wards, but they were speedily squelched, as all such indecent disturbers ought to be.

It is said that, after the official count is had, the Republicans will contest the election. If there is any prima facie evidence that any fraudulent means were employed, it would be a public duty to make such a contest. If, on the other hand, the question of contest rests merely on suspicion, it would be tedious, useless and extravagant to proceed with it. The Republican managers are cool-headed men, and are not likely to do anything that circumstances would not justify.

DAVENPORT LOSES TWO LEADING CITIZENS.

Davenport, Iowa, has lost two of its oldest and best known citizens last week in the persons of the Hon. J. H. Murphy and Mr. T. J. O'Meera. Mr. Murphy was a native of New England; his mother was not of Irish birth or blood, but he had the American passion for human liberty and Ireland had no truer friend than he. Mr. O'Meara was born in Canada, but had lived in Davenport during most of his life. He was a prominent business man, and, like Mr. Murphy, was an intense Democrat, but, unlike the good natured Jeremiah, he was occasionally intolerant in politics, but this, it can be safely said, was about his only fault. In other respects, he was an excellent citizen and a true friend. Mr. Murphy distinguished himself as a lawyer, long before he went to Congress, and his name has, very justly, been associated with Congressional legislation in favor of the Hennepin canal in this State. In fact, he used to be called in Washington, and throughout the country, Jeremiah Hennepin Murphy. THE CITIZEN deeply regrets Mr. Murphy's premature death, because he was honest, energetic and sincere, and ought to have been retained in Congress much longer than he was. He took broad views of public questions, and always held that the Great Lakes and the Mississippi should be connected by an artificial waterway sufficiently deep and wide to float ocean-going vessels. He believed that such a public work would help vastly to develop the resources of the Mississippi along the whole course of that majestic stream. Perhaps, some day, his patriotic dream may be realized. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathy to the bereaved families of Messrs. Murphy and O'Meara.

DEATH OF THE GERALDINE.

There appears to be genuine sorrow in old Kildare, and, in fact, throughout Ireland, for the sudden and unexpected death of Gerald Fitzgerald, the young Duke of Leinster, and great-grand nephew of that noblest of the Geraldines, Ireland's immortal hero, Lord Edward. It would seem that in Duke Gerald, the virtues of the glorious Geraldines of Irish history, in some measure at least, reappeared. His countrymen of all creeds, united on Dec. 3, at Maynooth, in honoring his memory. The Protestant rector and the Catholic pastor united in paying tribute to the deceased chief of the most illustrious of Anglo-Irish families, which, in the words of John Philpot Curran, speaking of "good Lord Edward's" attainder, is "more noble than the royalty that first ennobled it, which, like a rich river, rose and ran until it hid its fountain!"

THE CITIZEN is no worshipper of Irish aristocracy, but it confesses to a pardonable weakness in favor of the splendid race of heroes, patriots and warriors, which gave Ireland "Silken Thomas," the Great Earl of Desmond, James Fitzmaurice Fitzgerald, the brilliant general of the Geraldine war, waged by the dauntless sept against the atrocious Elizabeth; the first and second Dukes of Leinster and, finally, the Lion Heart of the august Geraldines, our ever dear and martyred Lord Edward. Only recently Duke Gerald presented to the National Portrait Gallery of Dublin the portrait, beautifully executed, of his immortal great grand-uncle, showing that he, at least, was not afraid or ashamed, to "speak of 'Ninety-eight." Duke Gerald leaves a youthful heir, and his duchess is said to be the most beautiful of living women. She is of English birth, but has a sincere love, by common repute, for her adopted country. Lord Edward's mother was English, too—the great granddaughter of Charles II—but it takes a tremendous lot of English crossing to breed the Irish strain out of the gallant Geraldines. THE CITIZEN is sincerely sorry for the death of the young Duke Gerald, not because he was a duke, but because he was an Irishman, who was not ashamed of the men of his family who died for Ireland. It is unfortunate, however, for his memory that he voted against the Home Rule bill in the house of lords. But he called his youngest son Edward, after the gallant "rebel," which was something not done by the Geraldines since 1798. Let us hope the day may yet come, when a Fitzgerald of Kildare will be found at the head of his people, like his forefathers of old, and when the splendid dream of Thomas Davis may be realized—

These Geraldines—these Geraldines, and are there any fears
Within the sons of conquerors for full a thousand years?
Can treason spring from out a soil bedewed with martyrs' blood,
Or has that grown a purling brook, which long rushed down a flood?
By Desmond, swept with sword and fire; by clan and keep laid low;
By "Silken Thomas" and his kin; by Sainted Edward—No!
The forms of centuries arise, and in the Irish line
Command their son to take the place that fits the Geraldine!

SENATOR CULLOM ON GEN. SHIELDS.

Perhaps the most graceful tribute paid to the memory of the late General James Shields, on the occasion of the recent unveiling of the statue of that heroic soldier at Washington, D.C., was the speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the resolution accepting the memorial statue, Dec. 6. After eloquently reviewing the wonderful career of General Shields, "the simple recital of which, giving but a brief outline, seems almost like a dream of fancy, a romance of imagination," and alluding to the unprecedented fact that he had served as senator from three states, Senator Cullom concluded his remarks in the following words:

"Mr. President, it seems to me that this brief story shows General Shields to have been one of the most illustrious men of our country. He was a hero, patriot, soldier, and statesman. He believed in his adopted country, and was ever ready to fight for its flag in war, as he always served it faithfully in peace. He could not, perhaps, be said to have been an orator equal to Daniel O'Connell, who was called Ireland's liberator, or of Grattan, who in condemning a measure in the Irish parliament, uttered these memorable words, 'I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall;' or of Curran, the great advocate of the trial of causes. Shields had not the power of eloquence of either, but he was the equal of either in steadfastness to duty and in courage to perform it.

"Mr. President, I should be unjust to the feelings of my own heart if I failed to refer on this occasion to the circumstances of my last meeting with General Shields. Some who hear me will remember the day, some fifteen years ago, when the people of my own and several adjacent states met at Mount Vernon, Ill., to participate in perhaps the grandest meeting ever held in the Mississippi Valley, a reunion of the soldiers of five wars. Among the many thousands who gathered there were two or three solitary, wrinkled, and decrepit men, aged fathers, still surviving from the war of 1812; a number of the remnants of the Black Hawk and Winnebago Indian wars; others who had marched to Nauvoo in the Mormon wars; there were veterans who had survived the deadly Mexican campaign, and there were very many who had left their records upon a hundred fields in the last great struggle which ended in 1865.

"I can now without impropriety refer by name to some of great renown, now passed from earth, who that day cried 'Hail' and 'Welcome' to that vast multitude. The army of the nation was represented by its great general, Sherman, then in his brightest mood, whose hearty handshake sent a thrill through the very soul of every greeting comrade: there was Logan, the volunteer soldier and the idol of his state, now gone forever from these halls; and there was Shields, the adopted citizen, a soldier brave as the bravest, a statesman honored repeatedly by my state, wearing a wreath of honor conferred by three great commonwealths, a tribute of higher value than ever crowned a Roman senator.

"I do not detract from the living in giving praise to such noble dead. It is a blessed memory to me, and it will remain with me always—the memory of that day when I stood face to face with men whose names now shed a glory upon the pages of American history. And of those aged and wearied forms who were met there, how many are now with the dust! How few now live!

"Men who remembered the massacre at Chicago and the surrender at Detroit; those who had fought Tecumseh and battled at Peoria; men who had shaken hands with Lafayette at Kaskaskia; men who had marched to fight Black Hawk in 1832; those who had been mustered at Nauvoo in 1845; men who returned victorious from Merico in 1847—all these, with unnumbered citizen soldiers of our own time, were there. And Shields, the brave and fearless Shields, was there, first to welcome and then to bid us all farewell. What monarchy could present such a scene? What emperor could command such an audience? Where but in America could every man feel that this was his reunion; that this was his country, and these his comrades and his brothers?

"I have gazed with pleasure upon the memorial statues which a grateful and reverent people have erected in the thronged and crowded streets of the Irish capital city of Dublin, to O'Connell and Grattan, the patriot statesman and the great orator. May I hope, Mr. President, that this statue which the State of Illinois, on invitation of the general government, this day unveils and presents in this Pantheon of America, will ever remain as a suitable memorial of the illustrious soldier and statesman, Shields!'

MR. DILLON'S LATEST PRONOUNCEMENT.

At a public meeting held in Manchester, England, last week, Mr. John Dillon gave expression to a fallacy which THE CITIZEN considers its duty to condemn. The only excuse that can be made—and it is a very poor one—is that he was addressing an audience of Englishmen who were supporters of the policy of Mr. Morley. If Mr. Dillon were made of sterner stuff, he would have told the candid truth to these stolid Saxons, and served better the Irish cause by doing so. Yet it seems to be the fashion of the hour for some Irish patriots to say one thing in Ireland and quite another in England. Mr. Dillon can be almost uncompromising sometimes in his own country. On the other side of the channel he is as mild as a sucking dove.

His dove-like innocence is illustrated pretty clearly in an extract from his speech to the effect that though there were still cruel and unjust evictions going on in Ireland, Mr. Morley could not be held responsible for such abuses. Mr. Dillon must be a simple person if he honestly believes in the truth of this queer declaration. Mr. Morley, as long as he holds office, is as responsible for the acts of his underlings, the police, who are carrying out his orders, as Grover Cleveland is for the conduct of the officials of the White House. If there were any virile stamina left in the majority section of the Irish party, or if that wing of the party had a man of strong will-power at their head, Gladstone and Morley would be morally compelled to adopt either of two alternatives—to draw a sum of money on their own responsibility from the British treasury for the temporary support of the evicted, or to stop evictions altogether by refusing to lend the landlords the services of the police. Since Parnell's death those of his followers who deserted him in his hour of trial have become so wholly emasculated that we have scarcely any hope left of their ever again possessing the whip-hand over the English parliament which they wielded so well in the halycon days of the past. Cooked in the sauce of British Whiggery, their supine policy is not a very savory dish to tempt the political palates of genuine Irishmen.

OXEN have apparently no special regard for the dignity of British statesmen and diplomats. Last week the British minister to Peru was attacked by a furious cow. The late Lord Beaconsfield had a similar adventure in the days of his premiership, and so had Gladstone, whose only pun on record, which he perpetrated after he escaped from the horns of the meek-eyed browser, was the remark: "I never could be cowed by such an animal after I had successfully defied the Tory bull!"

EVEN Mr. John Dillon, that most mild-mannered of men, is indignant over the eviction scenes now going on in Ireland. "I was horrified," he exclaimed in a recent speech delivered in the county Limerick, "to see by the government returns that actually in less than three months 2,500 people had been evicted. It is a shocking state of things, and I say that the fight is not yet over." Of course it isn't. The shocking state of things alluded to will continue as long as the party to which Mr. Dillon belongs consents to be the mere parliamentary tail of a Whig government.

IT is a curious fact that our seventy-five Catholic archbishops and bishops number exactly just now as many as the members of the College of Cardinals when that institution is at its full strength.

MR. WILSON, a prominent London journalist, and a true-blue Anglo-Saxon, lashes in spanking style in the columns of the *Investors' Review* his fellow countrymen, many of whom, he says, have degenerated into financial swindlers. "London," he writes, "is a den of thieves. Our unsoundness in money affairs is due to the generals, the colonels, the members of parliament, and aristocratic guinea pigs, who, without any knowledge of business, lend their names as decoys to a gullible public." This admission is all the more remarkable, as it emanates from one who holds an impartial editorial position on the Tory organ, the *Standard*, of London.

THE Irish Catholic church has lost a tower of strength in the death of Dr. Fitzpatrick, the abbot of Mount Melleray. The deceased ecclesiastic was remarkable for his profound learning and his unostentatious piety. His leading belief in life was to do good to his neighbor. He was not a nominal Christian. He was a practical one.

THE late Gen. Shields, whose statue was recently unveiled in Washington, was one of a committee of three appointed to welcome Louis Kossuth to the National capital on the occasion of the latter's visit to this country. The General was a sincere friend of all oppressed nations, for he was a lover of liberty.

IT appears that the *Times* was egregiously mistaken in stating that the Duke of Fife, Wales' son-in-law, is a descendant of the ancient line of MacDuffs who flourished in Scotland, throughout the ninth and subsequent centuries. It seems that Fife's family is only a *parvenu* and bogus one, dating merely from the seventeenth century! The original Mac belonged to the "lower orders" before he became a peer, according to the testimony of a very reliable British antiquarian. This startling information has thrown the entire Wales family into hysterics of humiliation. It is said that old Vic herself actually wept when she heard of it.

MAJOR WILLIAM LYMAN, the author of "Mick McQuaid," has been raised to the bench, and is now a magistrate for the county Dublin. Another Irish litterateur, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, has been for years a British judicial official. It is quite the fashion in Ireland now-a-days to be a justice of the peace. All the local McCarthyites of any prominence are hunting after such a "distinction." Unhappy Ireland!

MR. WILLIAM REDMOND, M. P., has gone to Australia. His visit to that colony is a political one—the collection of funds for his party.

M. CASIMIR-PERIER, the new French premier, is a man of undoubted courage, and fortitude. He made a splendid fight as captain of the Mobiles throughout the Franco-German campaign of 1870-'71. He was decorated for rescuing under a storm of shot the body of his chief. He has all the noble instincts of an officer and a gentleman. Whether these characteristics will enable him to secure a longer tenure of office than most of his predecessors is problematical, as the only thing certain in French politics is their uncertainty.

THE Republic of France, since its inception in 1870, has had thirty-two ministries, and one hundred and fifty-three ministers, of whom fifty-three have died, while thirty-six have retired into private life. Yet republicanism is stronger than ever in that country. This fact proves the remarkable vitality of the Latin race—particularly when it is fortified with a dash of Celtic blood.

PROMINENT among the Irishwomen, who are winning laurels in the fine arts on the continent of Europe, is Miss Annie Corless, the daughter of Mr. Thomas Corless, of the Burlington Hotel, Dublin. This young lady bore off third prize for singing, at the famous Conservatoire of Milan, and is the first Irish lady who has gained such a distinction.

"My Daughter's Life
Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but since giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla she has become well, strong and healthy."

HEREDITY HUMBUG.

That Is What Eleanor Kirk Very Plainly Calls the Common Medical Belief That Disease Is Inherited.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Dec. 20.—There is one inhabitant of this earth who is tired of hearing about heredity, and this weariness is assuming a dangerous, if not a rabid form. It makes me want to sweep out of sight the doctors and so-called scientists who are forever talking about "taint in the blood," and the handing down of irritable dispositions and unregenerate natures. I don't believe a word of it, and I never did.

"What are you going to do with the Bible statement that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the third and fourth generations?" somebody will ask.

Why, that is easy enough to dispose of. If my grandfather died on the gallows—which, by the way, none of my forefathers did that I ever heard of—I shall be likely to suffer as long as I live because of the shadow of his crime, and the deep disgrace of his taking off. I mean that I, being somebody else, would suffer, for I being myself never would, because I could not feel disgraced by the conduct of another. But most people that I talk to feel and think differently. So to them the sins of the fathers are weighty indeed. But I would not care from what authority proceeded the statement that because my great grandmother had rheumatism, I must perforce have it—I should rise and contradict it. Some people seem to be constantly climbing the family tree to try and find out what were the particular failings and diseases of their ancestors.

Then there are some physicians who are enough to frighten one to death with their stethescopes, and their poundings and listenings, but they always take away the last hope, and the last shred of will and ambition when they begin to talk about hereditary tendency, and nearly all of them do it. If I were a doctor and believed in a theory, which I am sure that science will eventually disprove, I would make it my business to find out from somebody else about the diseases of the patient's family. What can a physician be thinking of who will say to a nervous woman who has been sent to him for examination words like these:

"My dear madam, I find your right lung in a bad condition, but I think I can pull you through all right if there is no hereditary tendency to pulmonary disease. Did your mother die of consumption?"

In the case I am quoting, and which has added the "last straw" to my load, the mother had sickened and died from what is called consumption. It was no use for the doctor after this to rub his hands gleefully and say that "We'll go right to work now and see what can be done—I guess we'll get along;" for his companion knew that in his mind she was no better than a dead woman. I declare that such a diagnosis is not only unscientific and inhuman, but it is criminal. Because I have written so much on this subject of health, it happens frequently that the receivers of these medical death warrants often come to me in their grief and despair, and it is a very difficult matter to dim the awful impression that has been made upon them. But when it can be done they do not die, and they do not grow worse. And now I say unto you all who are in bonds from this cause, dismiss your fear, and determene to become well. You are no more likely to die from consumption because your mother did, than you are to choke to death because a chicken did in your back yard. Resolve to conquer weakness and gloomy anticipations. Eat good nourishing food, avoid drugs, breathe good pure air, and take the physical exercises regularly that I have so often recommended. Last but not least, do not take a bit of stock in "blood taint" and "hereditary tendency."

Perhaps this will seem like scolding, but it is only the truth spoken in earnestness, for I know from experience how one suffers under such circumstances.

The women in New York and Brooklyn are doing wonderful things, and one of the most wonderful is the orchestral work of Miss Emma Sieiner, who is the first woman in this or any other country to lead an orchestra of women, and certainly the first one to lead an orchestra of men.

Once more I repeat my offer to those who cannot afford to pay for my little booklet containing Miss C. B. Le Row's splendid set of physical exercises. It is only 10 cents, but sometimes even this small amount is unattainable, so I will gladly send the volume to those who are unable to pay for it. In it they will find courage and strength, and if they obey orders they will come out all right.

I have been privileged to send the book in this way to a good many persons, but I do not believe there has been a solitary instance where imposition has been practiced.

ELEANOR KIRK.
698 Greene avenue.

PERSONAL.

The many friends in this city of the genial Patrick Ferron, who during the incumbency of the late Republican State administration elevated himself into the esteem of the greater part of the sovereign citizenship of Illinois by his expert manipulation of the capital elevators, will regret to learn of the contemplated removal of his family and household goods to Elgin. Mr. Ferron has been highly successful in his present occupation of pushing the interests of THE CITIZEN of Chicago, and it is in the interest of his business advancement and not from choice of location that he makes the change. That his efforts may be crowned with success and future pathway strewn with flowers and bright golden eagles is the heartfelt wish of all his Springfield friends.—*Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.*

P. F. RYAN & CO.

P. F. Ryan & Co. are branching out their business boomingly on Madison and Peoria streets. In addition to their large and varied lines of dry goods, they have established a grocery department, where everything good can be had at the very lowest prices. This firm is always open on week evenings, and those who are desirous of obtaining Christmas presents of any kind should not fail to visit the department devoted to that branch of the business.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

BALLADE.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

They touch truly the chords of my heart
And haunt with their music my ear,
Far more than Anacreon's art
Or Camoen's sonnets so dear;
They are set as a gem in a tear
And the shine of a smile to allure—
O, who can emotionless hear
The sweet Irish love-songs of Moore?

Invoking my memory they start
When I deem not that they are anear,
They are of my nature a part
And charm as no other compeer;
The God-breathing bards I revere
Hold my sterner musings secure,
But they fade when to fancy appear
The sweet Irish love-longs of Moore.

They while me away from the mart,
And the care of each wearisome year,
Their fancies like humming-birds dart
Over flowers of thought in the clear
Translucence of love's atmosphere;
And serve they a purpose so pure
That sorrow partakes of their cheer,
The sweet Irish love-songs of Moore.

Envoy—
Prince, turn from the poets austere
And the lilt of the gay troubadour—
Here are the lyrics sincere,
The sweet Irish love-songs of Moore.

WRITTEN FOR THE CITIZEN.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A Christmas Story.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

"And so you cannot give me the least hope after all, Louise? he cried, as they stood on the front balcony of a grim old Breton chateau looking out upon the sea. There was a trace of bitterness in his accents.

"I am sure, Cormac," was the reply, that I never encouraged you to expect that I could become your wife. In the first place, *mon beau cavalier*, understand that I am not in love with you and never shall be; and, secondly, I am engaged, as you are aware, to the Duke de Paille."

"But you do not love him any more than you do me."

"Perhaps no, and perhaps yes. That is my own secret, Monsieur Cormac. The Duke, in any case, was the first to come the way to propose for my hand, and as he did not displease me, I accepted him as my fiance with the consent of father. My word is my bond. A daughter of the house of Pepiniere will never go back on her plighted troth, unless she discovers that she is going to marry a poltroon, and, so far as I know, my future husband is as brave as he is noble."

"Be it as you wish," he observed, with a sweet resignation in his voice. "I should not have urged my suit on you. It was the height of audacity on my part—an untitled nobody and a soldier of fortune as I am—to have pitted myself against a duke and a knight of his majesty the King. I hope, however, he will prove worthy of you. I wish you both happiness. Farewell, Louise."

Before she could reply he had vanished from her side, and was soon on his way from the chateau to Morlain, leaving her not a little astonished at the abruptness of his departure. Dressed in the uniform of a French captain, his tall and soldierly figure, his raven locks that swept in profusion over his broad shoulders, and his manly face, ruddy with the hue of health, looked to more advantage in her eyes now than they ever did before. Her bosom throbbed just a little, and she would have called him back to her side again, were it not that she remembered she was another's betrothed.

Cormac McCarthy—for such was the soldier's name—was the son of Roderick McCarthy, a captain in Dillon's regiment of the Irish Brigade. Roderick and the father of Louise, the Marquis de la Pipiniere, were old friends. When the elder McCarthy died, the Marquis continued his friendship for the son who was always a favorite guest at the chateau near Morlain, where he and Louise grew up in a sweet, innocent familiarity with each other. Through the influence of the Marquis, the Franco-Irishman secured a lieutenancy in the army, and lost no time in winning the epaulettes of a captain.

Louise de la Pepiniere was a winsome girl of seventeen at the opening of this tale. She had nut brown hair, a pair of dark, yet sparkling, eyes, a rosebud mouth and a lithe and lissom figure. Her aquiline nose and firm chin lent an air of resolution to her womanly features.

It was now in the autumn of 1792. France lay in a feverish and excited condition. Paris had become so Republican in tone and spirit that it rose in revolt against monarchy, made a raid on the Tuileries Palace, and took captives the King and the Queen. The reign of the aristocracy was also at the time nearing its end. Here and there throughout the country armed bands of peasants fired many a lordly chateau, and danced the "Ca ira" over their smouldering ruins. It was a time when every nobleman trembled for his life; though when death came the chiel of blue blood faced the ordeal with the courage of a Roman.

The October evening, with its gray leaden sky, was falling on the russet-leaved trees that stood in the park of the old Pepiniere Chateau. Within, in the salon, seated by a cozy fire sat the Marquis, a peri-wigged old gentleman, nursing his gout. Beside him Louise and her fiance reclined on a sofa. The latter was a dapper, pale-faced little fellow who looked prematurely aged and bald.

"Is not this alarming news from Paris?" he said. "We are in for a veritable reign of terror. The mobs are going to swing us all up to lamp posts, ma foi! And what will surprise you the more, Marquis, is that your protege, McCarthy, is one of the ringleaders of the populace, and is hand in glove with Marat and Robespierre."

The old man opened his eyes in utter bewilderment. The face of Louise flushed crimson.

"You do not know Cormac McCarthy," she said, indignantly, "or you would not speak of him thus. He may be a Republican, as he has a perfect right to be if he so chooses; but an assassin or criminal of any kind—never, never!"

"Louise is right," ejaculated the father, who was a man of very few words.

"Of course, my dear Louise," exclaimed De Paille, apologetically. "I only tell you the tale as 'twas told to me. As for myself, I have only to say that if any of these "sansculottes" around here should attack this chateau, I shall defend it and you both to the death against them!"

He raised her lily-white hand to his lips, and kissed the diamond ring that circled one of its tapering fingers.

While this piece of gallantry was being enacted, the sound of approaching voices broke on their ears, and through the shadows of the twilight they could see a forest of lighted torches on the lawn without.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried, "the Revolution has arrived! Here come the peasants. What is to become of my father? Oh, Jacques, do save him from their hands!"

Jacques' (the Duke's) face grew paler than usual. There was a ghastly look in his eyes.

"Wait a moment, Louise, I shall parley with the leaders. I will be back presently. Trust yourself and the Marquis to me," he gasped, rushing wildly out of the apartment.

Meanwhile the cries of the populace without grew louder and more menacing.

"Death to the aristocrats!"

"Down with the *seigneurs!*"

The big oaken door swayed under the repeated knocks of sledgehammers weilded by fierce peasants, who at last forced an entrance into the chateau. Around the old man and his daughter the domestics gathered in fear and trembling.

Louise stood resolutely before the invading crowd. She wondered to herself what had become of the Duke. Why did he not return as he promised? Suddenly, amid jeers and blasphemies, a cloud of smoke filled the salon; the panels on the walls crackled and hissed, and the ceiling was wrapped in a blaze.

The incendiaries had set fire to the chateau.

Rushing to where her father sat, she flung her arms around the old man's neck, and bade him fly with her.

Before she could help him to his feet, rough hands were laid upon her, and she was carried out fainting to the lawn.

She remembered no more for several days afterwards, when she found herself in a cell in the conciergerie of Paris, her only companion being one of the female domestics of the chateau, Leontine Doucet, who told her mistress that the chateau had been burned, and her father's life had been sacrificed in the flames.

This proved to be a rude shock to the poor girl, from which she did not recover for a long time. When at last consciousness returned, her first inquiry was about the Duke. She was most anxious to know if any ill had befallen him. It would have been too bad, she thought, that she should be deprived at one fell stroke of both her father and fiance.

"Let Mademoiselle remain quiet on that matter," said Leontine, sardonically, "the Duke made sure to save his own skin."

"What do you mean, Leontine? Surely you would not have me believe that"——

"Pardon. I would not have Mademoiselle believe anything that is not true. I saw the Duke myself on the day of the burning of the chateau. He rushed into the kitchen, trembling with fear, and escaped by the back entrance, while the peasants were knocking at the front door."

A look of unutterable surprise, followed with disgust, overspread the features of Mdlle. de la Pepiniere. The character of her lover was revealed to her in all its hideous deformity.

She was glad now that the hour of her death was approaching, for she would rather have suffered a thousand deaths than to have discovered too late that she was the mate of a coward.

Day by day she waited, expecting every hour to be called out, and be hustled into a wagon on her way to the guillotine. Soon, however, the whisper went round among the inmates of the conciergerie that their final sentence of execution was to be carried out on Christmas Day, just as the gray dawn was peeping over the horizon. Louise received this news with unflinching fortitude. Her only regret was that she could not see the frank and manly face of Cormac McCarthy once more before dying.

Meanwhile the Franco-Irish captain was one of the most popular members of the Republican club of Paris. He was a Republican in heart and by conviction, but had no sympathy with the sanguinary conduct of Marat and his confederates. With these latter the captain had, however, a certain influence which enabled him to save a friend or two occasionally from the doom of the guillotine.

Owing to the methods which the revolutionary directory had adopted in concealing the identity of the individuals who had fallen into their power, McCarthy had not known till Christmas eve that Mdlle. Louise de la Pepiniere was a captive in the conciergerie.

No bells pealed from the towers of Notre Dame that night, announcing the birth of Christ. The great cathedral was now a temple of reason. Christianity had for the nonce given place to avowed atheism. McCarthy had not, however, abandoned the faith of his forefathers. He muttered a prayer or two for the success of the mission which he was about to undertake on behalf of Louise, who, if the "law" were to have its way, was to be sacrificed to the revolutionary moloch ere the dawn would again streak the skies.

Just as he was crossing the square of Notre Dame some male prisoners from the conciergerie, escorted by the National guard, were arrayed in front of a guillotine. In the dim light of the flickering oil lamps that swung from a rope overhead, his gaze fell on a trembling figure in their midst which he at once recognized as that of the Duke de Paille. The captain's heart throbbed tumultuously for a moment or two. His successful rival for the hand of Louise was about to be guillotined. Louise, who might be rescued that very night from the jaws of death, would then be free to give her hand to a living lover, for there was no longer any bond that pledged her fidelity to the dead.

His triumph was only temporary—his better nature asserted itself immediately, for he proceeded at once to the chief of the National guard, and whispered very earnestly to that official, who straightway ordered the Duke to be taken back to prison.

"She may love the fellow after all," murmured McCarthy to himself, as he jostled his way through the crowd on his way to the Hotel de Ville, "and I did well to preserve his life for her sake."

After a long chat with Robespierre, he secured from the latter a complete pardon for the Duke and an order for the immediate release of Mdlle. de la Pepiniere.

"Louise," he murmured, when they had both left the conciergerie, and after she had thanked him profusely for his noble action in her regard, "I have now done my duty by you for the sake of your dear dead father and yourself. You owe me no gratitude. When I shall have escorted you safely across the frontier, we will part to meet no more."

"Oh, Cormac!" she whispered passionately, "why leave me thus alone in a foreign land?"

Her words rang musically in his ears. Hope returned to his bosom, but it was dashed to the ground by the chivalry in the man's nature.

"You will not be alone, Louise, while the Duke de Paille lives. Are you not going to be his wife?"

"His wife!" she hissed—"the wife of a coward and a poltroon—I would rather die first!"

She then told him of the Duke's conduct at the chateau, and assured Cormac that no such wretch should ever give her his name.

"You have released yourself then, from your engagement to him?" he asked.

"Certainly," she replied, "and what is more, I retract everything I said in regard to my feelings towards you on that autumn evening at Morlain."

"That you could never love me—is it not?" he asked, in triumphant accents, folding her to his bosom and pressing his first kiss on her responsive lips.

She could not answer. She was silent, and silence, he knew, gave consent.

There were no happier pair in Paris on that Christmas morning of 1792 than Cormac and Louise. When she heard through other sources of his rescue of the Duke from death—an act which was solely prompted by his whole-souled devotion to her—her admiration for the brave Franco-Irishman knew hardly any bounds.

Some three weeks afterwards the French girl became the captain's bride. Owing to her mourning the ceremony was strictly private. Prompted by a desire to reward him for his services, she said a few days after the wedding:

"You know, Cormac, that I was the only child of the late Marquis de la Pepiniere. According to French law you can now assume my father's title."

"And be known," he laughingly added, "as the Marquis McCarthy de la Pepiniere?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Well, Louise, with all respect to your ancestors, I must tell you that mine are what the world would call nobler still. The McCauras were once kings in Ireland, and my blood is, therefore, as blue as it can be, though I be a plebian and a democrat. The simple name of Madame Cormac McCarthy will be enough for you—will it not, darling?"

"Be it so. Your name, love, and none other is the one I shall bear," replied his affectionate wife.

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A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

IRISH POLITICS.

An Irish-American Now On a Visit to Ireland Sends to "The Citizen" His Impressions of the Country and What it Needs to Be Happy.

An Independent Parliamentary Policy Can Alone, in His Opinion, Save the Island From Complete Ruin.

[*To the Editor.*]

I crossed the Atlantic from New York by the White Star steamer Teutonic, and arrived at Queenstown on Oct. 4, after a very pleasant voyage of six days and a few hours. Too much cannot be said in praise of that great vessel and its accommodations. The untiring zeal of the commander and crew for the safety and comfort of the passengers, I must commend to all Trans-Atlantic passengers. We were met in the harbor by the steam tender Ireland, and conveyed ashore amid the ringing cheers of the passengers going on to Liverpool, and the crews of some American ships lying at anchor. The first thought that occurs to a person having left New York, or some other American seaport, is how still this grand and capacious harbor is in comparison. The town of Queenstown was also very quiet, save the shouting of some drunken blue jackets (sailors) and marines from a British gunboat which lay at anchor in the vicinity of Spike Island. The custom house officer made a very rigid search of myself and personal effects for firearms. He was not rewarded, however, for his trouble, by a find. On leaving the custom house a policeman of the Royal Irish constabulary takes your name and destination. My name was forwarded to and in the possession of the police of my native town before I got there myself. So we are, it seems, treated as suspicious characters when landing on the shores of our native land, our own country, the land which our forefathers were robbed of.

On leaving Queenstown, I traveled through the counties of Cork, Limerick and Kerry. There had been some fine showers and the country looked verdant after emerging from the longest period of drought in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The scenery, indeed, would be enjoyed by any American. The stations all along the lines of railway are unusually neat and well kept. The late parliamentary agitation has done incalculable good, if in no other particular, but the improvement of the condition of the laborer. Those wretched hovels which too long disgraced the picturesque hillsides and the highways, have been replaced almost entirely by nice comfortable story and a half cottages with slate roofs. The crops this year have been above the average, especially the potato crop, which has been very good throughout the country. In addition to the above mentioned counties, I have been through King's and Queen's counties, Dublin, Wicklow, Kildare and Tipperary. I climbed up the Galtee Mountains and to the summit of Devil's Bit; and when you look round, how scenic how beautiful, but how very lonely! The young people, I am sorry to say, the great majority, have but the one aim, it would seem, the one idea, and that is to leave their native land, the finest and most fertile country to all appearances that the sun ever spread its rays on. Well might Irishmen be proud and well may the poets sing of this land. Many an empty and lonely home this coming Christmas night in poor Ireland. It is very rare to find a family that all, or nearly all, of their loved ones, if they be old enough, have not been banished to a foreign land. It does not take a person of very ponderous intellect or great visionary powers to see the cause of all this; it is at once apparent. If you stand on the hills overlooking the great River Shannon as it passes on its course from the grand old city of Limerick to the Atlantic, or on those overlooking most any other seaport in Ireland, notwithstanding that nature has endowed them with the greatest facilities for shipping and commerce, they are gradually dwindling. Those old cities that were once centres of industry in Ireland, you no longer hear the mill wheels roll or the whistles blow in. Manufacturing interests of Ireland are almost a thing of the past. There is no home market for the product of the land, and such will be the condition of things in Ireland until she casts herself loose from Great Britain, and is free to govern and legislate for her own interests.

The people of this country at present are very much disorganized. And as a consequence the evil influences, that dared not show themselves in the days of the Land and National Leagues, are again beginning to be felt. The landgrabber, or in the words of an intelligent farmer with whom I had a conversation, "the worm" is again crawling around in the land. He is conspicuous in many localities, and in numerous cases has been found in the foremost ranks of the great National Federation. To my own personal knowledge there is a chairman of, as the P. P. styled it, a healthy branch of the Federation here in North Kerry, who evicted a poor man with a young family from a house and plot of reclaimed bog, which his father held for a number of years; worse still, this poor man always paid his rent, and he found himself with his wife and little ones on the roadside this cold winter. Has this healthy branch of the organization that was formed for the purpose of hounding Parnell to death called this man to account? No; neither has the organization at large; neither has the *Freeman's Journal*. It remained for some sterling and staunch Parnellites to come to his rescue. They built a house, roofed and thatched it, and put the family into it.

In the towns you find the prevailing sentiment of the people in favor of an independent policy. Dublin city is the stronghold of independent principles as laid down by Charles Stewart Parnell. It is indeed gratifying to see and to know the grand Nationalist spirit that exists among the people in every part of Dublin. It is singular to find the tenant-farmers, who derived the most benefit from Mr. Parnell's great work and independent policy in parliament, now directly opposed, in great numbers, to that self-same policy and the self-same principles under the leadership of Mr. J. E. Redmond.

I find a great many, however, who have seen their mistake. I firmly believe that were it not for clerical influence, or the fear of incurring clerical displeasure, that a great many of those who are now "on the fence" would flock to the the support of the Independent Parliamentary party, and denounce the shelving of home rule and the much needed evicted tenants bill. Landlordism, whose backbone is strengthened by the decline of the National League, and the disorganization in the ranks of the people, is demanding prompt payment of rents, accompanied in some cases by threats of eviction; the threats, in some instances, have already been carried into execution, backed by an army of police furnished by the Gladstone home rule government, which is sustained and kept in power by seventy-one Irish McCarthyites. I look for a change before long. I think the strong National sentiment will conquer all.

The anniversary of the Manchester martyrs was most generally observed this year; in fact, more than ever before. The graves of departed comrades were decorated throughout the land. This betokens a new light, a change in the unhappy situation exists. Yes, let us hope that the Irish people, at home and abroad, before it is too late—and before the great work of Charles Stewart Parnell in bringing landlordism to its knees and in raising the spirit of Irish nationality from the dust will have to be done over again—will demand as one organized nation of people, and with one voice, a parliament of their own, to settle their own difficulties, and the liberation of the political prisoners. W.P.L.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The threatened water famine in Kilkenny is becoming more and more serious. Fears are entertained that the pump on the Parade, which supplies a very large portion of the city, may fail.

A fire of a very serious nature was discovered in the Goldenbridge Convent, Kilmainham, on the 6th inst. The damage done is considerable, but it is understood to be covered by insurance.

Mother M. Paul Keatley died Dec. 5th after a short illness in the Convent of Mercy, St. Mary's, Drogheda. The deceased lady was niece to the late Cardinal Cullen, and entered religion in Tullamore as long ago as 1848. With two other sisters she established the Convent of Mercy in Drogheda in 1854, and thenceforward devoted her life assiduously in that town to the service of the poor and the ignorant.

The harbor of Wicklow was rendered useless last week by the severe winds. Its mouth was blocked up by a big bar of sand and shingle, and a mountainous heap of sea-wrack and other weeds brought in by the late gales. The block was so complete that vessels could not enter, and several ships laden outwards with manure ore, etc., from the Wicklow works could not leave.

The remains of the Duke of Leinster were interred Dec. 4 at noon in the family burial ground within the demesne of Carton House. The funeral was strictly private. Only a few immediate relatives and friends and a number of the farm laborers and workmen of the estate being permitted to be present. The remains were enclosed in a lead coffin covered by an oaken case, and a simple inscription was contained on the plate. Archbishop Plunkett and the Rev. Dr. Tristram, chaplain to the late Duke, officiated. The president of Maynooth College was present, as was also the Marquis of Ormond. The bells of Maynooth College and of the village churches were tolling at intervals, and the blinds of all the houses in Maynooth were drawn. A number of beautful wreaths were laid on the grave. Among those present were the Marquis of Ormond, Lord Ronald Gower, Col. Fitzgerald, Mr. G. Repton, Rev. Monsignor Brown, president of Maynooth College, and Rev. Father Hurst, P.P., Maynooth.

The death of Mr. Duffy took place on Tuesday, Dec. 6, at his residence, Gilbertstown, Castlebellingham.

Munster.

Influenza has been very prevalent in Cork for the last few weeks, and has proved fatal in many cases. The staffs in many of the large business houses have been very materially reduced through illness. In one week as many as thirty telegraph clerks in the general postoffice were laid up on account of the disease. The sudden changes of the weather have been very favorable to the spread of the malady.

The funeral of Mr. Alexander Gordon, late general manager of the Cork, Bandon & South Coast railway, took place on Dec. 4, the attendance of the general public being large and representative. The deceased, who was 55 years of age, spent his whole career on the Cork & Bandon railway.

Ulster.

Dec. 4, two attempts were made to wreck trains on the Great Northern railway near Derry. The outgoing train at 4:40 encountered an obstacle which broke the guard of the engine. Traffic was immediately stopped by the station-master at Derry, who proceeded to make a thorough search. The search party which he headed found four other large stones on the metals, placed subsequently to the departure of the last train. The police are investigating the matter.

An inquest was held Dec. 2 by Mr. Atkinson, coroner, on the body of Jos. McWilliams, telegraph clerk, who was accidentally killed by the shunting of a goods train at Portadown station. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," no blame being attached to any person. The deceased leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss.

Dec. 4 at the Convent of Mercy, in Downpatrick, fortified by the rites of Holy church, this good religious Mother Mary Aloysius Brady, after a lengthened illness, borne with Christian fortitude, breathed her last. The deceased was the daughter of the late Dr. D.F. Brady, of Dublin, and was born in that city on Nov. 21, 1829. She died in the 65th year of her age and 40th of her religious profession.

At the weekly meeting of the Armagh board of guardians Dec. 6, Mr. Jacob Orr, J. P., presiding, the plans and sections, and book of reference, relating to the New Railway Extension scheme, proposed by the Midland and Great Western Railway company, were under consideration. After some discussion, on the motion of Mr. J. S. Riggs, deputy vice-chairman, seconded by Mr. William Simpson, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That this board of gnardians, having had before them the maps and plans of the proposed railway, from Kingstown to Cookstown and Armagh, approve of same, and hereby promise to give the project their unanimous support."

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Circuit Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Rosa Elliott vs. Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott. In Chancery. No. 124,426.

Notice is hereby given to the said Harrison Elliott, sometimes called Alexander H. Elliott, that the above named complainant heretofore filed her Bill of Complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Compl'ts Sol'r.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. To the December Term A. D. 1893. The Free Home Building, Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, &c., vs. Bridget Drennen and the unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased. In Chancery. No. 124,047.

Notice is hereby given to the said The unknown heirs at law of Jeremiah Drennen, deceased, that the above named complainant heretofore filed its Bill of Complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of December A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

JOHN McKEOUGH, ATTORNEY, 25 & 27, 81 S. CLARK-ST.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE—ESTATE OF GEORGE L. Ritzhaupt, debtor. The undersigned hereby gives notice that George L. Ritzhaupt, of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, did, on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1893, transfer to the undersigned as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said George L. Ritzhaupt are hereby notified to present such claims under oath or affirmation, to me, at Rooms 25 and 27, 81 S. Clark-st., in said County, within three months from this date.

Dated Nov. 18, 1893.

AUGUST METTE, Assignee.
John McKeough, Attorney.

NEW YEAR'S, '94

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, O bells, of every sect—
Too many names ye have for rhyme—
Peal joyously the New Year chime,
And all the weal we all expect.

Ring out the bustle and the bang;
Ring out the dudes and the pug dogs, too;
Ring out lorgnettes without ado,
And dripping skirts that bobbing hang.

Ring out the need for Latin, Greek;
Ring out the mixed tongues, slang and all,
And when we go to make a call
Let us converse in Volapuk.

Ring out the "rings," the corners keen
That corner many a man of wit;
Ring in some good laws made to fit,
And not by lawyers only seen.

Ring out hard times and dire suspense;
Ring in less greed, a kindlier hand;
Ring in great plenty through the land;
Ring in a rain of common cents.

—Selected.

A NEW YEAR REUNION

"What comfort is my son Jack! His treacherous mother left no trace of her in him. He is all mine! Another year will see Jack through his medical college. Then, with my son my partner, I can look outside of business and perhaps can love again."

Dr. Stielson's sister entered—Miss Sue.

"A man is down stairs, brother, with a box for you. He is sinister and mysterious and will not give his name, but must see you."

"No subject peddler? I have got over that. Let him come up. Stand, sister, outside the door and listen."

A man like a robber, with swelled features, came in with a parcel.

"Well?"

"Is that your name or initials?" asked the man, producing a surgical instrument of silver.

"Undoubtedly. How did you come by it?"

"I took it in trade from a young man. I think I see his picture on that mantel."

"Slanderer! Deceiver!" exclaimed Dr. Stielson. "That is my only son."

"Take your hand from my throat, doctor. I am afraid of you. If I should cry 'Murder!' what would become of that young man? See here!"

He opened his package, and it contained a full set of costly surgical instruments in Dr. Stielson's specialty, of late not much used, but he recognized every article.

"Your reputation," said the illicit dealer, "is such that I put the clew upon my bargain at once. I asked the young man for a receipt when I paid him the money. I swear that I see his photograph there. Can you swear this is not his handwriting?"

The doctor looked and groaned and sank into his chair.

"Sue, settle with this person. O my God!"

The sister did as she was bidden, dismissed the fence shopkeeper and came back.

"Jack is a thief, Sue. He has robbed his father. What is to be done?"

"Nothing. It is bad enough already."

"I can never trust him again—never recommend him. Our ways part from this moment. Let him never see me!"

"Brother, it is New Year's eve."

"The night I married his accursed mother. Have I toiled and spent the hours of sleep in storm and midnight consultation to gain a national fame only to come to this pang—I have no son!"

He fainted, who had a nerve of steel and could cut to the very membrane between life and death. His sister was experienced and gave him restoratives and heard him continue to moan and rave.

"Be still!" she said at length. "Do you suppose this afflicts me not? What have I to love but Jack? If you throw him off, I will go with him. Now beware!"

"Oh, if he had killed some one in an affray! If he had set the city on fire! If he had been anything but a thief!"

"Enough. He is a thief. That is all of it. A thief was forgiven on the cross, where you and I are now. I shall forgive him."

"I never will."

"Then you are a bad man. Perhaps you have stolen yourself some time. Look below your hard heart, Pierce Stielson, and reflect!"

She heard a key in the door below and left her brother, sick herself of the misery which had come upon that house.

"New Year's eve!" exclaimed the doctor, and he threw himself upon the floor, not for the first time in his life, to know the ache of the broken heart.

He had come to Philadelphia from Delaware, out of an apothecary's shop, to study medicine. Excessive ambition from boyhood on had annealed his real sensibilities with the fire of energy till he was like a boiler full of fire, his rivets of life ever screwed up, his leisure nothing but cold exhaustion. His was a name of fame now without personality.

All knew that he had separated from his wife soon after their marriage and was soured, but his son seemed to fill the vacant place. His own integrity was everywhere understood, and a very few knew that this man of indifferent manners and hurry and intensity had a second nature beneath the first that was like an undeveloped childhood.

Pure misery he felt now, the little thing he had not watched—filial truth—taking him like an assassin upon his own threshold.

He could not cry; he could not reason. His absolute nature and faith had been for the second time destroyed.

There were bottles on his mantel which could kill. They had often occurred to him as instant reliefs from so much living and so little resulting. He felt like dying now by his own act. No fear of the grisly had he, but he was deterred by pride.

If he could almost wish his son would read of his father's suicide and become penitent, there was a woman who might think the love of her had caused it and exult!

How honorable, he thought, had been his life; the uniform meeting of his bills, the apprehension of debt, the fidelity of his contracts, his disregard of avarice while accumulating prosperity. And yet his sister had but now thrown it up to him that he might once have been a thief.

He a thief? Now he did weep in indignation!

"Never, never" —

Oh, memory!

He faltered to say "never" again, for there crept into his mind the memory of two distinct acts of dishonesty committed in childhood, which he had forgotten for 30 years.

He had played truant from school in his parents' absence and meanly put the excuse for it upon his orphan cousin, a helpless ward in his father's house.

There also arose before him a moment when he had taken a quarter of a dollar twice from his employer's till to buy his way into a circus.

Could those deeds be now called villainy? Pshaw! They were the raw acts of an unformed animal, a mollusk, a timid, wistful child. He had put temptation under his feet long ago and resolved never to lie nor evade nor to take mean advantage, and had lived up to his second life till frankness and courage were as natural to the great surgeon as to his faithful mastiff dog.

Yet he was not giving anybody else the chance to reform. His son was the offspring of that earlier life—not this second and better birth of the upright man in the slippery lad.

Could he say that his were not the traits which had descended to his child?

Could he again lay upon a woman's, an erring woman's, head all the weak traits of his boy and reserve to himself a rectitude he had this instant found three exceptions to?

All at once a feeling of pity for the erring boys or women came into Dr. Pierce Stielson's perception, peeped into his heart and lingered there.

He began to feel glad that he had committed two thefts and one dastardly mean act, else he would be above magnanimity. As a blameless father he could not forgive his child.

As a thief, a thief upon the cross of pain and woe, he could look over into the kingdom of thieves and almost think, "Ye poor Robin Hoods of the world, enter into my paradise."

As a recreant cousin to his older playmate, he now could forgive Peter, who denied his master like a perjurer till reproved by the crowing of the wanton bird.

Dishonesty might be congenial, hereditary, but it was the most general of offenses. How had he dared to liken it to Cain spilling his brother's blood, or the fell incendiary's destruction of house, city or one's country?

He, the anatomist, the materialist, who had traced the folds of the brain, the exact workshops of motion, memory, speech, love, ecstasy, felony—was he to drive his son away for an act he would forgive his dog?

The weaker the son, the greater should be the father's love.

The gnawing torture of the doctor's heart seemed to feel the sedative comfort of this counsel, and far beyond his son's offense he almost felt forgiveness for that one which had dealt him the fouler blow.

"Oh, man! Oh, embryo! Oh, fellow laborers and coveters upon the planet!" the doctor thought, like prayer. "Forgive each other! Let me by charity become a god and cast out every hate!"

His sister entered—a grim woman, disappointed in love. She took his head in her lap and sat upon the floor.

"Pierce, I am ashamed of myself to have called you a thief. You are all I have left; Arthur has gone."

They sobbed without hope. It was long before the doctor could even repeat, "Gone?"

"Yes, he admitted it all. A woman had fascinated him. To make her a present for Christmas he took off that old case of tools. He says he cannot look you in the face."

"Why not? I have remembered, sister, when I was no better than Arthur."

"I remember, my brother," spoke Sister Sue, "when you were no example to his mother, nor an example for my lover, whose follies you would not forgive. If I had my lover back, God knows I would forgive him! We drove him away. Arthur has been as weak. If I live life over again, I shall not strain to find every body perfect and be the only perfect one, left desolate and alone."

"A woman infatuated Arthur? Why, that is the commonest case in the world. Young fellows are hardly responsible at such times. I don't think it is so very bad. I'll give Arthur an allowance and call him home."

"That was your mistake before, Pierce. He had no money. You questioned him too closely!"

"He shall have an allowance—a large one. What else do I live for?"

"Brother, listen! That is his key!"

"My son! Come, come to me!" loudly cried Dr. Stielson.

The son appeared. His handsome face expressed woe. He stood awhile silent, looking to the floor.

"I have one regret, father," finally said Arthur. "You will be unhappy. Like all who are dishonest, I suppose, I thought to return my stolen goods before they could be missed."

"It's all right, my boy. I so far forgive you that I will invite the young woman you like to our New Year's dinner."

"Sir, I love you dearly, and my aunt also I love. And yet there is a dearer one. I must eat my New Year's dinner there."

"Oh, infatuated son! I thought you pure as crystal."

"The lady I love, my father, loved me first. She cannot live without me. Sir, I am without offense, except that I took your tools and sold them. No one can know this lady I speak of and not be pure."

He now raised his eyes and looked at his father. He dropped tears of real emotion.

"Pierce, you have suspected him where he is blameless," Miss Sue said, trembling.

"Oh, they all think that. Our medical students think all these harpy widows of their predecessors to be pure—mere victims of circumstance."

"Is not that as well as to believe nobody pure?" cried Aunt Sue, kissing her nephew's lips.

"She would eat alone if I ate my New Year's dinner away from her," faltered the boy's words, with a fresh flow of tears.

"She shall not," cried Dr. Stielson. "She shall eat it here, and if it must go so far she shall be my child."

He took his son in his arms. He spread his office safe wide open and gave Arthur the keys.

"Take all you want, my son, and dry your tears. I have not any bond or mortgage worth one tear of pain you shed."

"Father, she is at the door waiting for me. The love I bear her is sincere pity, nothing more. Motherless myself, I found a heart that was like a mother's. She asked me for my picture for New Year's day. I could not refuse her. She forbade me to tell you of it. I put it upon her breast. With her now is the gentleman whose house she cares for. His character will justify us all."

"Command them both to come in, dear Arthur, and be welcome," spoke Dr. Stielson.

Two persons soon came in. There was a long, strange pause, which alarmed the son.

Miss Sue was the first to speak, averting her eyes from the strange, tall man who had entered.

"Arthur," said Aunt Sue, "I see your portrait set in gold upon that lady's breast. I kiss her as I would kiss you, my last and only precious thing, because, Arthur, she is your mother!"

"Dr. Stielson," the strange man spoke, arresting all by his but half welcome presence, "hear me once more. We began our careers together as medical students in this city of Philadelphia. For 20 years we have never acknowledged each other, though of equal medical rank. I loved your sister. You judged me too hard by our boyish trespasses and forced her to give me up. Yet, Susan Stielson, first and last of my true loves, I have for you lived a bachelor life."

"Have I lived false to you, Dr. Layton?" was Aunt Sue's reply.

"I hated Dr. Stielson, as all comrades hate a discrimination made between their families against two hearts. In turn—meanly revengeful—I played upon his ever rigid nature and drove him from his wife. Since then she has been the housekeeper of my bachelor home, and I swear to you a true and faithful wife and mother. The beauty she yet bears is the fruitage of that inward peace and submission which keep old age away."

Dr. Stielson's eyes were full of tears again.

"Even at home your wife, Pierce Stielson, saw not many, but saw at last her son. I made her promise me to hold the secret back till time could somehow work this scene."

"I felt that I must have the picture of my child upon my breast, where he had so oft lain," the wife, with sweet expression, said. "Oh, Pierce, what instruments, such as he took to buy me this, could give disease so much relief? I wait for all things, even for your reason to come back."

"It has come too late," Pierce Stielson sighed. "Could it have ever come but for the memory of some early sin that pricked my memory when I condemned my son?"

"There is nothing late about it," observed Aunt Sue. "Let Arthur's mother come here and take my place. I will go over to Dr. Layton's and take her place. I'm not as young looking as Mary, but I can keep Tom Layton just as comfortable."

"Why, there is a magistrate next door," exclaimed Arthur. "He can marry anybody. Father, can you forgive us all?"

"Forgive!" said Dr. Steilson. "Oh, friends, I can forgive all except him who has no errors to remember. Conscience has made me a husband again and given me a son—and I hope a brother-in-law."

"Call in the magistrate, Arty," cried Dr. Layton. "I see only my Susan's heart of faultless beauty."

"These things," said Aunt Sue, "always happen about New Year's time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Queen Elizabeth's New Year's Gifts.

Henry III of England followed the Roman precedent in extorting New Year's gifts from his subjects, the practice being revived in the reign of Henry VI and continuing till the reign of Charles I. But it was during Queen Elizabeth's reign that this custom of presenting New Year's gifts to the sovereign attained its most extravagant height. These presents were made by every one in any way associated with the virgin queen, from the great officers of state down to her majesty's dustman, and included sums of money, ornaments for the queen's person or apartments, caskets studded with precious stones, necklaces, bracelets, gowns, mantles, petticoats, fans, mirrors, silk stockings and a great variety of other articles. Howell states in his "History of the World" that "Queen Elizabeth in 1561 was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more." The queen's wardrobe is said to have been almost wholly supplied by these New Year's gifts, in return for which she made presents of gold and silver plate.—Buffalo Express.

The Russian Feast of the Dead.

The Russians, at their New Year's, hold a feast called "The Feast of the Dead," or, in the Russian language, "Raditali Sabol." The people, in accordance with old, traditionary customs that date back probably to the time when they were wandering tribes in Central Asia, visit the graves of their departed friends and place food upon them. The priests attend also and celebrate the mass, taking portions of the food left upon the graves. The Turks and Arabs begin the year from the 16th of July, the Abyssinians the 26th of August, and the Indians of America with the vernal equinox.—Selected.

A PRAIRIE NEW YEAR

HOW THE COWBOYS CELEBRATE ON THE WESTERN PLAINS.

Social Grades Are Unknown, and "Store Clothes" Confer No Distinction—Wild Turkey, Roast Shote and Possum at the Midnight Feast—Dancing the Fandango.

A few days before New Year's preparations are begun for the big dance which inaugurates the season's festivities on the western plains. The ranch where the ball or "fandango" is to be held is literally given over to the boys for the occasion, and they never fail to make the most of it. Invitations are sent out over the neighborhood within a radius of 20 miles, and nearly every one is accepted, for a ride of 20 miles to one accustomed to spending 10 or 12 hours a day in the saddle is a mere nothing.

Besides, this is the one opportunity of the year to spend money lavishly for the sake of a good time. An extra cook or two are hired, and supplies enough laid in to feed a small army. It is the privilege of every cowboy on the place to make out a list of eatables that he feels his constitution demands. And several days beforehand the great wagon is hitched up and a trip taken to the nearest town to get provisions.

A more heterogeneous mixture of edibles can scarcely be imagined—raisins, nuts, candies, canned meats and fruits, pickles, crackers—anything kept and recommended by the obliging and neighborly grocery man.

In addition to the store bought delicacies for the feast, the ranch cook distinguishes himself in the way of barbecued shote, game, "possum an taters," pies and cakes and the like. For a week or two before the feast all hands lend their aid to the capturing of game and the finding and saving of eggs.

As for the fandango, the preparations are few and simple. Beds and other space consuming pieces of furniture are removed from the rooms intended for the dance. The bare floors are sand scoured and flecked with fine shavings of sperm candles, which soon, under the many gliding feet of the dancers, form a thin, sleek coating, delightful and seductive to the feet. On two sides of the room, close up against the wall, a row of chairs is set for the accommodation of those not dancing.

By 6 o'clock in the evening the guests begin to arrive, the boys having gone after the girls, on horseback generally, some of the "tony" couples coming in buggies, the high seated "piano boxed" vehicles of the west, with their double teams and general air of smartness.

The girls have their party dresses tucked up under their black calico riding skirts, some of them bringing waists, gloves and white kid slippers, done up in a bundle, to be put on after they arrive. And a merry hearted, merry faced set they are—cheeks glowing and eyes sparkling from the exhilaration of the ride in the wind and the expectation of the unwonted frolic.

The music is furnished by negro fiddlers, whose repertory of old fashioned "breakdowns" is never improved upon nor ever falls short of its early charm and infection upon its hearers.

Perhaps you never saw a cowboys' fandango. Their style of dancing is peculiar to themselves. Like their horses' build and gait, it is made for hard and long service. It is a solemn, rhythmic sort of posing, the heels rarely leaving the floor, as much dancing being done with the arms as with the feet. It is a motion which seems unconsciously to partake of the monotony of the prairies, suppressed, intense and inexhaustible.

There is almost no distinction of classes or social grades in the west. Years ago, in the formative time of cattle ranching, the cowboy was a sui generis. His father and grandfather were cowboys, "day wranglers," "nighthawks" and "cow punchers." His language was "bloody," and his figure and mind were uncouth. Today he may be a graduate of an eastern college, a theological student or the youngest son of an English lord.

The western woman or "gal" is more typical. She may be the "boss'" daughter, educated "on east;" the "renter's" daughter, with only a smattering education from the free school, or the "hired girl," plucky, independent and "good as her betters."

In the same "set" there may be one man with a "store" suit on; another in his regular suit, consisting of blue flannel overshirt and leather belt, buckskin leggings or cottonade overalls.

The boys laugh loud, clap each other, hang their "guns" on the wall while they are dancing, steal behind the house for their drink between sets, but they treat the girls like queens. No matter how rough their clothes, they generally have white hands and small, well clad feet. They will wear boots, but they have them made with high heels, of fine leather, pointed toes and often red tops.

They revel in dancing. They are graceful, natural, muscular and active. Dancing to them is horseback riding in good company, under shelter and to the tune of a fiddle. It gives free play to their untiring, restless bodies and at the same time satisfies and delights their love of women's society and good fellowship.

These holiday dances last all night, their only breakfast being at 10 o'clock, when eggnog is served, and at 12, when the big supper is eaten. Then, with renewed vigor and spirits, they return to the floor. The fires burn low in the great chimneys, the kerosene lamps flicker and smoke, the fiddlers doze and play on mechanically, the girls languish, and even the cowboy himself feels the force and strain of protracted, time measured motion. But the dance goes on.

Not until the dull red glow of sunrise creeps over the dun prairies does the music stop.

Then after a breakfast of "cold bits" and strong, hot black coffee the girls go to rooms prepared for them at the ranch, or mounted on fleet footed broncbos go galloping over the prairies, the fresh, wild wind in their faces and the thrilling memory of sweet words or sweeter promises in their wholesome, simple hearts.—New York Herald.

IN FAROFF RUSSIA.

The New Year Season Brings Joy to the Young—Twelve Days' Festival.

In the smaller cities of Russia, New Year's day is in the "Twelve Days' Festival." The Russians in many parts have held to the old ways from time immemorial. The preparations for the season begin early in November. The host of some great home begins to lay in stores of salted beef and sausages, liquors, etc. The hostess calls on all her friends and invites young and old. Next day she is succeeded by the nurse, who makes the same rounds of visits. Her duty is to invite especially the young ladies. She is hailed with joy, and the lady of the house hastens to mix for her the cup of wine. She delivers her message and is plied with questions as to the invited and rejected. But the most important question is, "Who are the elected?" These are the young men invited by the hostess for the girls or "fair maidens," as they are called. The duty of the young man thus designated is to look after the amusement and pleasure of his "fair maiden" during the "twelve days." The responsibility of the choice lying with the hostess, she has to be careful in her selection.

But the invitation has again to be repeated, this time by the master of the house in the person of his servant or "swat," who, with mace in hand, performs his mission. On entering each house he offers a prayer before the shrine of the saint to which it is dedicated. He then delivers the invitation in the name of his master or mistress. At first, according to etiquette, the invitation is refused, but after much pressing it is finally accepted. When the day arrives, the young ladies who are the heroines of the season appear in a sledge, accompanied by their mothers and favorite companions, generally girls of inferior rank, who sit at their feet. This sledge is followed by another containing the tire women, charged with caskets and dressing boxes. Other sledges follow, the longer the procession the greater the honor to the house visited.

On the arrival the host and hostess meet the guests at the gate, bow without speaking and conduct them into the house. The young maidens are then delivered over to the care of the hostess, and after friendly greetings, presents to the domestics and sweetmeats to the girls, the mothers and retinue return home. On Christmas morning, as the bells are ringing, the hostess herself awakens the fair maidens and serves their breakfast with the help of the nurses. But a very important part is the interpretation of their dreams on this first night. Then the "elected" arrive. The days following are full of gayety and pastimes for young and old. This season is very important to the young people in Russia, who at other times of the year, by the strict etiquette observed, are kept much apart.

Among ourselves the "Happy New Year" greeting and the social gatherings are now the sole recognition of Jan. 1.—Exchange.

New Year Customs In Orkney Islands.

In Deerness, in Orkney, a band of young and old of the common people meet and go around in the evening, and sing a song before each well to do person's door, commencing:

This night it is guid New'r E'en's night;
We're a' here Queen Mary's men;
And we come here to crave our right,
And that's before our lady.

Then as they sing they demand butter, cheese, ale, a fire and a knife.

We houp your ale is stark and stout,
For men to drink the auld year out.

When the song is ended, the door is opened, and the crowd rushes in pell-mell to partake of the supper set out, and so on from house to house. Sometimes this ceremony falls on New Year's night, and the custom of mummers, or maskers, going about eating and drinking prevails in many places. There is one rude play enacted by these mummers which Sir Walter Scott always had them enact at Abbottsford. "Burning the clavie," or tar barrel, in procession, is another custom of the Hogamanay in Burghead.—Philadelphia Press.

What Chinese Children Celebrate.

When do you suppose the Chinese children fire off torpedoes, skyrockets and powder crackers? If you do not know, you could never guess in all the world, so you may as well be told right away. They fire them off on New Year's day! And when you are told why they celebrate New Year's day as if it were Fourth of July, you will be still more surprised.

You know the Chinese have a different religion from ours, and because of that they believe many things which we do not believe at all. New Year's day the firecrackers are set off to keep evil spirits at a distance. The night before the new year there are special services to the Chinese deity, and at bedtime a pot of rice is left upon the table, covered with cypress leaves.

New Year's day there are social visits, dinners and family games. And all day long the Chinese youngsters are expected to keep up a firing of fireworks of all kinds to keep off evil spirits.—New York Ledger.

New Year's Is "Pin Money" Day.

All ladies know what pin money is, but it may be interesting to them to learn the origin of the expression and also to know that it is directly connected with New Year's day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood—in fact, they were not pins at all, but skewers, which, for the use of the wealthy, were of boxwood, bone and silver. At the period above named the metal pins now in use were invented, and people of fashion were eager to possess them. They at once became the most popular and acceptable New Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew customary to give, instead of the pins themselves, the money with which to purchase them, and this was called "pin money," a term which gradually came to be applied to all money given to ladies for the general purpose of dress and personal adornment.—Selected.

SIX MILLION MILES WE'VE SPED.

Once Again Old Mother Earth Has Rolled Around the Sun.

This is the beginning of a new year, and we have made a very long journey. Old travelers say that when a man gets lost in the wilderness he goes round and round in trying to go ahead, and he finds himself following his own tracks in a circle. I don't know whether this is so or not, but I do know that today we are right exactly where we were a year ago, and yet we have traveled round and round nearly 6,000,000 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute. Astronomers tell us that we are right exactly where we were a year ago.

This is mighty curious to me. Who is doing it? This world has been going on this grand round for thousands of years, maybe millions of years, and is still at it. What is it? for I want to know. Why doesn't it stop and rest? What did it ever start for? If this earth was made for us, why does it have to go round and round forever and forever? If it has to go round the sun, why wouldn't a circle do as well as an ellipse—why go at all? Couldn't the universe be still and every planet be independent? Why does the earth have to turn a somersault every day and whirl us round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour? Who is doing all this, and what is it done for, and when is the whole business to come to an end, or a focus, or a transformation?

I confess my ignorance and feel as humble as a dog when I contemplate the wonders and mysteries of creation. I don't understand how the corn grows, nor the flowers bloom, nor the birds hatch their young, and yet I realize that everything has been made for our good, our comfort, our pleasure.

I was popping corn last night for a little grandchild, and I know that in the grand design of Providence this little corn was created just to please the children and nothing else. I know that cotton grows to clothe the millions in summer, and the sheep were created to give us wool in winter, and the cattle to give us milk and butter and shoes. Even our complaints and ailments are provided for in nature's remedies, for we have quinine and calomel and castor oil and opium and turpentine and mineral springs, and the best are the cheapest. All the best things are the cheapest—the air and water and fire, the bread and meat and vegetables, and the fruits of the earth and the material for clothing.

The evidences of design and care and love are all around us everywhere and in everything, and I cannot understand how a thoughtful man can be an agnostic or an infidel. I want to thank somebody every morning for preserving me through the night, for I know that sleep is near akin to death, and I cannot keep my own heart beating. There is some great thing behind me, and I will trust him because he has been good to me and sustained me all my life. The best religion is to trust in the Lord and do good.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Chinese New Year Customs.

The custom of giving presents and particularly that of exchanging New Year's calls is essentially Chinese. The coincidence of these two rather peculiar acts of brotherly love coexisting in Holland and Scotland should furnish cause for thought. It is a little singular certainly that the Chinese, who are not an overcharitable or forgiving race, should enjoin the forgiveness of all debts at the beginning of the new year.

It is an amusing spectacle in China to see the creditor mercilessly hunting down the debtor during the few days that remain. No one is exempt from the necessity, for in order to pay his own debts he must in turn collect what is due to him. The debtor who cannot fulfill his obligations by New Year's goes into bankruptcy by the operations of a custom stronger than law. He undoubtedly earns the contempt of his fellow men, but at least he is free from their persecution. His debts are forgiven with quite as much sincerity as could be expected under the circumstances.

Besides this painful phase of Chinese Yuletide there are other preparations to be made for the fitting celebration of the great three day festival, beginning with the first day of the first month. The red peach paper which has been removed from the doorway must be replaced, and therefore about this time the professional letter writer of the Chinese quarter takes his station on the street corner and is busily employed in writing sentences of good omen. Naturally some of these gentlemen are more popular than others, a letter writer who claims to have passed one of the inferior civil service examinations, or who at one time has been connected with a fashionable joss house, being more in demand than he who has picked up his smattering of knowledge at school, or by what is an important factor in Chinese education—self help.

It is quite customary also to bring these red paper slips to the joss house, where for a trifling fee they are stamped with the seal of the joss. Certainly it is worth taking some trouble with a little piece of paper which is to do duty for an entire year, for as soon as the slips have been prepared and stamped they are glued to the doorposts against the time when the evil spirits shall return and make the last state of the man worse than the first. The moral which the Saviour pointed out to his disciples, that spasmodic effort is inevitably followed by reactions unfavorable to the true spiritual development, is fully borne out by the history of the Chinese people.—Harper's Magazine.

New Year's Superstitions.

The following superstitions in connection with New Year's are still firmly believed in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales:

On New Year's morning go to a well or fountain and leave an apple and nose-gay, and the water will keep fresh and be more wholesome all the year.

If a dark complexioned man crosses your threshold first on New Year's day, you will be prosperous; if a blond, unlucky, and if a redheaded man dire disaster will surely follow.—Selected.

A CHIEF WITHOUT A TRIBE.

How Wild Hog's Band of Cheyennes Was Exterminated In 1879.

Wild Hog is the name of a Cheyenne chief, albeit he is a chief without a tribe. About 14 years ago his name was known throughout the United States, and for weeks millions of people looked in the morning papers daily to see what he was doing. For a time he filled western Kansas and Nebraska with terror. Now he resides at Pine Ridge agency and is one of the poorest and most dilapidated Indians on the reservation.

In January, 1879, Wild Hog and the tribe of Cheyenne Indians of which he was chief were removed to the Indian Territory. Becoming dissatisfied with their new homes, they broke out, and under the leadership of Wild Hog struck out northward through Kansas and Nebraska. Many depredations were committed on the way. The Indians killed about 40 citizens, outraged 10 women and destroyed nearly $40,000 worth of property. Wild Hog always claimed that this deviltry was the work of a few young bucks who were beyond his control and that they escaped to the reservation. During the flight northward the United States army was always about one day behind the Indians.

Finally Wild Hog and about 200 warriors, together with their women and children, went into Fort Robinson and surrendered. Inducements were offered the Indians to return to the Indian Territory, but they refused to do so. Finally they were disarmed, but in the effort to do so several soldiers and more Indians were killed. Wild Hog was put in irons and confined in the guardhouse. The other Indians, including their wives and children, were confined in a long, low log building which had previously been used as barracks. Upon their continued refusal to go back peaceably to the Indian Territory an effort was made to subdue them by starvation. They were deprived of food, water and fuel and closely guarded. But they were tough, and even after several days, which must have been ones of suffering, were still obdurate. It was supposed that they were completely disarmed, but in some manner they had been able to retain a few revolvers.

After a few days of seemingly quiet subjection the vigilance of the soldiers was in a measure relaxed and the guard reduced to six in number. Suddenly in the night these were shot down, every one of them being killed outright or disabled. The Indians then rushed out and fled up Soldier Creek canyon. The breaks and hills of Pine Ridge were about half a dozen miles away, and it was the hope of the Indians to reach them before the sleeping soldiers could overtake them. It was a wild race across the ice and snow. Many of the Indians were barefooted and left a trail of blood. Encumbered with their women and children, they made slow progress.

The garrison, aroused by the shots that destroyed the guards, were soon in pursuit. Captain Wessel of the Third cavalry was in command. They came upon the Indians in a little ravine, or coolie, about two miles north of the fort. They made a stand and fought bravely, but were without arms, and the rifles of the cavalry made short work of them. After the soldiers had exhausted all their ammunition there were but a few live Indians, and these were charged upon and cut down with the sword. Wild Hog's tribe was entirely wiped out. Not a man, woman or child was left of the entire band. But Wild Hog was safely locked up in the guardhouse at Fort Robinson, and that is how he comes to survive—a chief without a tribe.—St. Louis Republic.

Curious Old Letters.

According to the thirteenth report of the historical manuscripts commission, the commissioners found in the collection of Sir W. Fitzherbert an unusually curious and interesting set of documents, evidently the original letters of the secret correspondence between the courts of France and England during the reign of Charles II. The only ciphers, as a rule, made use of were certain numbers in the place of names. The body of each letter seems to have been written in an ordinary hand with sympathetic ink, probably with lemon juice, as is suggested by Coleman himself in a letter of his printed in the state trials, which, having once been brought to light, is still legible, though oftentimes faint.

Sometimes the whole of a letter has been written in this light brown ink. Sometimes the secret writing occurs as a part only of a letter, of which the rest is written in common black ink upon ordinary, harmless topics. Sometimes it appears as interlineations throughout a letter written with common black ink. In order to bring out these characteristics as far as possible, these 20 letters have been copied line by line, as in the originals, italics being used to represent the common black ink and the usual type being used to represent those portions which are written with the sympathetic ink.—London Globe.

A London View of Us.

There are few women in the far western districts of America, and therefore the male population are bachelors of necessity. The other day a ranchman known as Alkali Ike rode up to the open door of a cottage and without dismounting said: "How are you, Widder McNabb? Nice weather we're havin. Will you be my wife, Mrs. McNabb?" "What do you mean?" expostulated the indignant Mrs. McNabb. "I'm not a widow. Where's Jim?" Alkali Ike looked at his watch. "Let's see," he said; "half past 4. The reform committee started for the pine forest with Jim at five minutes to 3. They probably gave him 10 minutes before slingin him up to a tree bough. If there wasn't any hitch in the programme Jim's been hangin about eight minutes. Wish you'd give me an answer as soon as possible, widder, for the chairman of the committee was goin to start for here to ask you to be his wife as soon as he could put on a clean collar. Took it to the tree in his pocket, and if he didn't lose his collar button down his back he's just about a quarter of a mile from here now."—London Telegraph.

River Worship.

There appears to be more than one case of river worship, and there are supposed to be numerous cases of the kind in Africa. In the Ashantee country there is the Chamascian river, or Rio San Juan, called by the negroes Boesumpra, which they worship as a god, as the word Bossum signifies. In the west of our own country the Dakotas are said to worship a god of the waters under the name of Unktahe. There is the well known worship of the holy Ganges in India in the form of Ganga, a goddess. Of the great rivers of India none can compare in sanctity with the Ganges or Mother Ganga, as she is affectionately called by devout Hindoos. From her source in the Himalayas to her mouth in the bay of Bengal, every foot of her course is holy ground, and many of the other sacred rivers of India borrow their sanctity from a supposed underground connection with her waters. Ganga herself is described as the daughter of the Himalayas, who is persuaded after infinite solicitation to shed her purifying stream upon the earth.

At the present day, the six years' pilgrimage from the source to the mouth and back again is performed by many. To bathe in the Ganges, especially at great stated festivals, will wash away the stain of sin, and those who have thus purified themselves carry back bottles of the sacred water to their less favored relatives. To exclaim "Ganga! Ganga!" at the distance of 100 leagues will atone for sins committed during three previous lives. In British courts of justice in India, the water of the Ganges is used for administering oaths to Hindoos. The tribes of Neilgherry hills worship rivers under the name of Gangamma. In fact, the divinity of water is recognized by all the peoples of India.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Shut Your Mouth.

"Shut Your Mouth" is the curious title of a curious little book written in a hand that looks like copper plate, by the Indian traveler and painter, George Catlin. In the printed text it many years ago had a large circulation in England, but is long since out of print. This manograph copy is unique. The writer, when among the Indians, was impressed by their knowledge of the laws of health and medical skill. This was long before civilization had introduced any of its practices. This little book is based on some of these observances which he introduced and practiced in his own family.

Indian children, he says, from their tenderest years are more carefully trained in certain respects by their mothers than the children of the most civilized peoples. The moment the youngest baby ceases nursing its lips are closed by its mother. If the baby does not keep them closed, she uses mechanical means rigidly and even cruelly. When the baby is put to sleep, it is strapped onto a board, its head slightly raised and its chin lowered, which tends to keep the mouth shut. The result is that when the teeth are forming and making their first appearance they meet and continually feel one another. Thus they take their relative positions and that healthful and pleasing regularity that gives to the American Indian, as a race, the most manly and beautiful mouths in the world.—New York Evening Sun.

Mars and the Earth.

Sir Robert Ball does not fail in his faculty for apt and convincing illustration. Lecturing at Dover on "What We Know of Other Worlds," he said that one of the most ordinary questions he was asked was, Did he think "those other worlds" were inhabited; had they real men, women and children like ours? He could only reply that he really did not know, and there was no possible means of finding out.

There had been some talk of our attempting to signal to Mars, and to establish communication with any living beings who might be existing there. To do this we should want a flag 300 miles long and 150 miles broad—about the size of Ireland. When we had found a pole for such a flag and a means of waving it, then should some astronomer on that planet chance to be looking at us while the flag was waving he might possibly see a little speck going to and fro on our earth, and might think we were up to something down here. The probabilities are all against there being intelligent life in Mars and here on the earth at the same time. In conclusion, Sir Robert Ball declared that the area of the heavens known to us is only like a dewdrop before the vast Atlantic ocean of the unknown, and the mind of man writhes as it tries to realize the extent of sidereal space.—Toronto Empire.

Adulterated Japanese Silk.

Buyers of Japanese raw silk should be on the watch for a trick which is now being revived. A number of complaints have been made by manufacturers of late. The adulteration of the raw silk is accomplished by impregnating it with a solution of salt or sugar, whereby 3 per cent or more in weight is gained, the sugar charge being difficult to discover. In dyeing such silk loses its gloss. In view of the fact that the United States is the best customer of Japan, it is short sightedness on her part to attempt such tricks. Japan exported in the season of 1892-3 27,441 bales of silk to the United States and 19,374 to Europe, of the latter 16,482 being shipped to Lyons.—Retailer and Jobber.

Lake Erie's Bad Reputation.

Lake Erie has a bad reputation in two regards. Being so shallow, she gets into a rage very quickly, and she seldom gives up her dead. The schooner Finney was lost more than two years ago on that same treacherous north shore, a shore of honeycombed rocks, shoals and engulfing sands, and there is no word of Captain Riordan or his crew. The list is long of the vessels seen last on that lee shore that are still on the unreported list.—Buffalo Express.

THE SINGER'S TRIUMPH.

After Her Appearance at La Scala She Gave a Sample Aria.

"I was in one of the large villages in the central part of this state the other night," said the commercial traveler, "and I was forced to stay there until morning. I heard that there was a show in town, and I went up to the Grand Opera House—did you ever notice that every village in the country has a Grand Opera House?—and bought a ticket. I was greatly edified.

"The play looked to be a farce comedy from its name, but when the first act had been on for 20 minutes I found that it was one of the goriest melodramas you can imagine. It was full of shooting and murders and throwing people over cliffs and all that sort of thing, and the company acted so atrociously that it was entertaining to a high degree.

"Blood ran in rivers all over the stage until the last act. Then the heroine, who had had a dozen narrow escapes, and who had gone through all sorts of difficulties, but who had all this time kept up her musical studies, made her debut at La Scala. There were two sets for that act. One represented the stage of La Scala, and the other the greenroom. There was a big, painted audience on the back drop, and the heroine came out and pretended to sing.

"Then the supes, who were in front of the painted audience, applauded enthusiastically and great bunches of flowers were thrown at the feet of the debutante. The set was changed, and the heroine was seen coming into the greenroom with her arms full of flowers. The man who was playing the stage manager stepped forward, shook her hand effusively and said:

"'Madam, my dear madam, let me congratulate you. You have taken Milan by storm. You have sung like a nightingale. You are without doubt the greatest prima donna of the age.'

"And then the 'greatest prima donna of the age' dumped her flowers on a chair, tripped down to the footlights and sung that classic ballad, 'Do, Do, My Huckleberry; Do,' and the curtain descended amid great applause."—Buffalo Express.

The Spirits Had Not Heard of It.

A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston S. Brooks came to Massachusetts. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Brockton. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the audience to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to ask questions and otherwise represent the audience in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the regulation one, two or three raps, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query, "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

There was no reply, and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative.

"You know he is dead, don't you?" shouted the committeeman.

The answer by raps was now distinctly "No."

"Well, he is, thank God," yelled Uncle Jake, who was wrought up to great excitement, as he struck the table with his ponderous fist, "and you had better make a note of it."—Boston Herald.

Fossil Ivory.

The first mammoth tusk seen in western Europe was brought to London in 1611 by one James Logan, who had purchased it from the Samoyedes, and Father Avril, a Jesuit who crossed Siberia in 1685, wrote that "the Russians had discovered a sort of ivory whiter and smoother than that which comes from India."

The substance was prized, too, as a stypic and was said to be derived from a powerful amphibious creature, "as big and as dangerous as a crocodile," living chiefly at the mouth of the Lena. Fossil ivory toward the close of the eighteenth century became an object of general commerce, and incredible quantities were exported from its arctic repository. Midendorf about 50 years ago estimated the annual sale at 110,000 pounds weight, and upward of 1,600 tusks are known to have reached London in 1872.

Yet the supply remains unexhausted and may indeed be called inexhaustible. It is the demand which has of late fallen off or failed. In Russia and China, it is true, almost exclusive use is made of the excavated material, but its brittleness and tendency to discoloration practically exclude it from western markets.—Edinburgh Review.

Repairing a Crown.

What curious old records one comes across sometimes in unexpected ways! Here is one which rather calls to mind certain fairy tales beginning "Once upon a time" and going on to recount extraordinary proceedings quite as if they were the most natural and common things in the world. It has reference to Edward III and Philippa of Hainault and is kept with other documents at Harwich, their majesties having had at the time a palace at Felixstowe. It runs thus: "For repairing ye queen's crown which ye king threw into ye fire, item 3s. 6d." The points which strike one in this memorandum are the violence of the king's temper and the cheapness of the mending process.—New York Sun.

How It Might Happen.

Sir Richard Steele, an Irishman, was once asked by an English friend how it happened that Irishmen were so remarkable for making bulls. "I believe," said he, "it is something in the air of the country, and I dare say, if an Englishman was born here, he would do the same."—"Seventy Years of Irish Life."

KRISS KRINGLE.

A Corruption of the Words Christ Child Now Applied to Santa Claus.

In these days Kriss Kringle is looked upon as an alternative name for Santa Claus; but, in fact, he is, etymologically and historically, a totally different being, though the two personages have been welded into one in the popular imagination. A very small knowledge of German reveals the fact that Kriss Kringle is simply a corruption of the word "Christkindlein," or Christ child, whose connection with the Christmas festival is too obvious to need explanation. But what seems inexplicable is how the Christ child of the past, the Holy One, whose nativity is the subject of commemoration in that feast which we call Christmas, should have evolved into the white haired, white bearded, merry hearted and kindly old pagan whom we call indifferently Kriss Kringle or Santa Claus.

Yet at the very moment when we have come face to face with this apparently insoluble paradox we have reached the solution which seemed impossible when we strove to understand the much less startling transformation of St. Nicholas into Santa Claus.

We remember that the Christmas festival of today is a gradual evolution from times that long antedated the Christian period; that though it celebrates the mightiest fact in the history of Christendom it was overlaid upon heathen festivals, and many of its attendant observances are mere adaptations of pagan to Christian ceremonial.

This was no mere accident. It was a necessary measure at a time when the new religion was forced on a deeply superstitious population. In order to reconcile heathen converts to the new faith and to make the wrenching of the old ties as painless as possible these relics of paganism were preserved under modified externals, exactly as the antique columns were transferred from ancient temples to adorn the Christian basilicas.

In course of time, as the idea of mundane merriment rather than religious sanctification at the period of Christmas became the predominant one, St. Nicholas or Santa Claus lost his asceticism, became ruddier, jollier, more rubicund in aspect, while the Christ child faded more and more into the background, until at last the very name of the latter under the slightly different form of Kriss Kringle was transferred to his successor.—Selected.

Yuletide Superstitions.

While traveling at Christmas time in the old English county of Devon a few years ago, I found it peculiarly affluent in these odd Christmas superstitions and customs. Every family I visited provided, if able to afford them, a "Yule cheese" and a "Yule cake" for the Christmas season, and it is considered very unlucky to cut them before Christmas day.

The same superstition prevails with regard to the "Yule candle"—a very tall one specially provided—and the "Yule dog" or log—a large stick for the Christmas fire. Misfortune is regarded as certain to follow if either candle or log is lighted until just as the family are sitting down to supper on Christmas eve, and it is also considered a sure precursor of evil for any one to stir the log or snuff the candle during the progress of the meal.

On Christmas morning no member of the family must stir out of the house until its threshold has been crossed by the footsteps of some male outsider. If a woman or girl is the first to enter on Christmas morning, ill luck is sure to follow. Another Devonshire superstition is that if the sun shines brightly at noon on Christmas day there will be a plentiful crop of apples in the succeeding summer.—Buffalo Express.

The Christmas Stocking.

A jolly device to take the place of the tree is a big stocking with its top held open by a circle of wire. The stocking is made of striped calico or any available stuff and must be big enough to hold all the gifts, which are to be done up stoutly in pasteboard and paper. Each is tied with twine, and a long end is left. A tag is fastened to each string bearing the name of the one for whom the package is destined. Then all the packages are put into the stocking. When it is time for the distribution, each must find a string with his or her name on it and take hold. At a given signal all pull at once.

The fun will be increased if it be the rule that no one can get a gift except by pulling at the string, and that no one must use the hands to disentangle strings. It would perhaps be better to put in only one gift for each person at one time. Then, when all have got their packages, a second batch is arranged; then a third and so on.

A big horn of plenty, suspended so the gifts can be easily drawn out by strings, is a slight variation of this suggestion. If preferred, in either case the strings may be pulled one by one by a single person who has been chosen giftmaster.—New York Press.

Christmas Bells.

How many memories gather round the sound
Of bells, those silver monitors to us!
Whilom they peal dire dangers, and the ground
Trembles to tramp of feet fear furious;
Whilom they toll above some burial mound.

Again, they summon souls to praise or prayer:
They mingle in with music when it plays
Melodious, so that all of life seems fair,
Or tinkle dimly in the covert ways
Where wethers lead the flock that is their care.

Whilom at sea they hoarsely boom, and fright
The good ships from the rocks; on land they tell
The time o' day by morning, noon and night,
Chime o'er the sleeping city, all is well,
Or bid the folk be up with early light.

But where be bells so buoyant, sweet and strong
Upon the air as these of Christmas time?
So fraught with precious meanings is their song,
So swelling with a hope and joy sublime.
Christ's bells, to you all benisons belong!

—Richard Burton.

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Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J P Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Ancher hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

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Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Tener, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

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St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

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Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 311 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Canalport av and Chicago av.

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St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 92 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Habn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 183 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 434 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 773 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 81 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 73 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 455 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 573 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5312 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, A Joliph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2853 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

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